Divine Meditations

grounded upon

Severall Texts of ſacred Scripture.

Which may be divided either into pœnitentiall groans of a ſorrowfull heart ſeeking after Chriſt.

Or, the fervent ſighs of a languiſhing Soule in love with Chriſt.

By E. L. *Miniſter of the Goſpell, ſometimes Student of Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge.*

Iſaiah 55.7.
Seek the Lord, while he may be found.

Cantic. 2.16.
My Beloved is mine, and I am his.

Pſalme 119.97.
O how do I love thy Law? all the day long 'tis my Meditation.

YORK,
Printed by Tho. Broad, and are to be ſold at his ſhop near Common-Hall-Gates. 1650.

Divine Meditations

grounded upon

Severall Texts of Sacred Scripture.

Which may be divided either into poenitentiall groans of a sorrowfull heart seeking after Christ,

Or the Christian sighs of a longuishing Soule in love with Christ.

By [illegible] Minister of the Gospel, [illegible]

[illegible]

Lilieh [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Psalme 119.

O how do I love thy Lawe? all the day long 'tis my Meditation.

YORK,

Printed by Tho. Broad-and are to be sold at his shop neer Common-Hall-Gates. 1650.

The Dedication.

To the Author and Finiſher of our Faith, who is Alpha and Omega, the Firſt, and the Laſt, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.

O Thou deſire of all Nations, to whom but to thee ſhould I dedicate the deſires of my ſoul, and breathings out of my ſpirit in theſe Meditations.

Thou didſt infuſe them, do thou protect them: I give thee nothing, but returne thine own unto thy Majeſty: they are the firſt fruits of my publick Pen to advance thy glory, and to whom ſhould they bee conſecrated but to thy bountifull goodneſſe?

O thou whom my ſoule loveth, if I know mine own heart, ſhew ſuch a good token of love upon thy ſervant, as to make theſe iſſues, as well of my heart, as of

my brain, to be a further encouragement to my future endeavours.

However, if I may but honour thee, though with my own dishonour, thy Will be done.

For it is not the praise of men, which is but an airy puff of empty vanity, but the praise of God my soule seekes after.

Thy glory is my aime, let thy glory be my end, thou King of Saints.

Let the Meditations of my heart, and the labours of my hand, be now and ever acceptable in thy sight, and profitable to thy Church, O Lord my strength, and my Redeemer.

Guide thou my pen, and my heart, that I may glorifie thy Name, thou King of glory.

The

The Epistle to the Reader.

Christian Reader,

IF it was not a wound to Wisdome to write Iliads after Homer, and that I had rather thou shouldest be acquainted with the transcendent, yea, Seraphicall excellency of *Divine Meditation*, from thine own heart, then from my hand: thou mightest have here expected some panegyricall Encomium, to indeare it to thee; oh! how it lends wings to Faith, adds fervour to Charity, crowns Hope with assurance; and being, as it were, a Chariot to the soule, carries it above the unsatisfactory contentments, and miserable pleasures of this contemptible world; making us even like Angels, while encompast about with frail walls of flesh, we are cloath'd with corruption. oh the comfortable fruits, the most ravishing delights of Divine Meditation! oh, the happinesse, the happinesse of that soule which is exercised therein!

My

My own heart is ſo taken with it, that I could not but melt for the preſent into this rapture: oh! let us mingle ſoules in this particular.

What theſe labours of my heart and hand do aime at, I need not tell thee; they beare their name in their Fore-head: and I thinke I have not miſcall'd the Child; yet, judge them not idle words, if once more I deliver to thy knowledge: that theſe flames of my ſoul are intended to lend thee at leaſt ſome twilight, to direct thy darker path through this ſhadow of death, to the life of eternity; oh! bleſſed eternity: eternity moſt lovely to be beloved.

Good Reader, if by theſe my weake, yet hearty endeavours, thy wandring ſoul be brought home to Chriſt by heart-breaking repentance: or thy loving ſoul be more intimately conjoyned to thy Well-beloved by heart-raviſhing contemplation; whoſoever thou art, bleſſe God for it, *qui nolentem trahit, volentem perficit*, to whom thou oweſt the foundation and perfection of thy happineſſe.

Quod operando Deus incipit, cooperando perficit. S Aug. de lib. arbit.

And wiſh as well to him, as he doth to thee, who is

Thine and all the worlds in Chriſt,

From my Chamber, Decemb. 22. 1649. E. L.

To

To Mr E. L. concerning his godly Soliloquies.

Worthy Sir,

I Had begun to peruse your Manuscript with Pen in Hand, as you had bidden me, to write what might serve to call you to your second thoughts: But proceeding in the Lecture, I laid down my pen to joyn my hands, and follow your devotions with mine. I find them elegant and godly, with a reverend relish of Ancient piety, having much of the zeale of *Austin*, and the loftinesse of *Hilary*, and such ingenuous raptures as may helpe godly soules to wings to soare up to Heaven. It joyeth me much to see your pregnant fancy thus set upon godlinesse, and to begin your Theologicall works, by the end of Theology, which is practicall piety: And the length of the worke sheweth that you make Divine Meditation, not a tryall of your witt, but a dwelling of your soul. Let this light of yours shine before men by the helpe of the Presse; and let this contentious age learn of you to have no controversie but against sinne, and no eagernesse but in devotion.

P.M. D.D.

On my friends Dedication to the Author of these Meditations, *Votum*, &c.

LOrd, these first fruits present themselves to thee:
They are my Friends: befriend both him and me.
Accept the freewill offering of his heart,
Of which, not he, but thou the Author art.
Let others profit find, but onely thine
Let be the praise of this his rich-sprung Mine.
Lord, let not any on these Papers look,
But such whose hearts may blesse thee, for this Book.
Turn their eyes hither, who shall make a gain:
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves, or it, refrain.

H. C.

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Errata.

Errata.

Good Reader,

Impute not these errors unto me, but to my necessary absence from the Presse; and let me obtain of thee thus to correct them.

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Some misprisions lesse materiall thou wilt finde scattered here and there, which I desire thee to correct with a gen le hand, as well remembring, that *Humanum est errare, labi, decipi.*

The

The ſigh of a penitent Soul.

Pſal. 5. 1. *Give eare to my words, O Lord, conſider my Meditations.*

O Lord, give me a praying ſoul, and give me a ſoul to pray to be accepted: give me a heart to my prayers, that thou maiſt give eare to my words. Behold me proſtrate, and my heart aſcending, or elſe ſighing to aſcend unto thee on the ſacred wings of contemplation. See, how my thoughts muſter to raiſe an Army of Petitions may take heaven by holy violence; O thou omnipotent, be conquered, and conſider my meditations.

My God, thou heareſt not ſinners, and I acknowledge it would ſwell the number of my ſinnes, if I ſhould not acknowledge my ſelfe to be a ſinner; how then ſhould I expect, thou ſhouldſt give eare unto my words? yet though thou heareſt not ſinners, ſinners muſt pray that they may be heard: though thou accepteſt not ſinners, ſinners muſt pray that they may be accepted: therefore, O Lord, give eare unto my words. S. Iohn 9. 31. Prov. 28. 9.

I, I a ſinner, a burdned ſinner, a heavie ſinner, a heavie-hearted ſinner, pray, and pray to thee, to be cleanſed, to be eaſed, to be comforted; O be thou merciſull unto my ſinne, for it is great: is great, but thou art Pſa. 25. 11.

Eccles. 2.23.

greater. Such as thy Majesty is, such is thy mercy; what can transcend infinity? if once the Sunn of thine everlasting favour dawn upon me, the misty vapours of my deeds of darknesse vanish: this I begg for, this I cry for, this I sigh for; answer, O Lord, the gaspings of my soule: hide not thy face from me, but give eare unto my words.

* Eccles. 5.2. Ne temere quid loquaris &c. ne temerè, hoc est non impræmeditatè secundum quosdam. Mat. 6.7,9. more plain, not onely for a form but that identicall one Luke 9.2. When ye pray say, Our Father, &c. if this was a place to urge it, you should hear more from me. Eccles. 18. 23. Concil. cartha. 3 Can. 23. Concil Milev. can. 12. &c. and for more copious satisfaction, see worthy Hooker, Eccl. Poli. 5. Book, sect. 25, 26, 27

My words, which I desire may not onely be the worke of my tongue, but the issues of my heart: my words, wherewith I bewaile my shame unto thy glory: my words, wherewith I deplore my sinnes, and implore thy mercies: Oh, let not such words onely pierce my heart, but pierce the Heavens: Give eare, O Lord, unto my words.

My God, let not my heart come * unprepared into thy presence, like one that tempts thee: let not my prayers be abortive issues of a swelling braine, fuller of words then sense, least they be turned into sinne: let me not dare to offer such a Sacrifice unto thee, least I incense thy wrath, when I would quench thy fury; but let my words be my meditations.

O Lord, let not my heart wander after lying vanities, but fix my heart on thee the God of truth: I find it good for me to cleave unto thee; oh! let me find likewise that I cleave unto thee; do but so farre consider me, as to make thy selfe the subject of my meditations, and then I know my meditations shall be considered.

My God, think upon me for good, seeing I acknowledge it my good to think upon thee. As I abhorr those which have not thee so much as in their thoughts, so make me abhorre those thoughts, which, either directly, or indirectly, bow not to thee: bee thou my aime, as thou art my happinesse: make me, O Lord, give eare

to

to thy will, that thou mayeſt give eare to my words, make me to conſider thy mind, that thou mayeſt conſider my meditations.

And all *per Dominum noſtrum Jeſum Chriſtum.* Amen.

Mans uncleanneſſe.

Job 15.14. *What is man that he ſhould be clean? and he that is born of woman that he ſhould be righteous?*

O Lord moſt high, O Lord moſt holy, in whoſe ſight the Heavens cannot plead abſolute purity; I, a depraved Character of ſinfull *Adam*, do approach thy dreadfull, and yet comfortable preſence, not to juſtifie my weakneſſe, but to condemne my wickedneſſe; not to plead innocency, but to bewaile my impurity; not to challenge thy juſtice, but to implore thy mercy: for what is man that he ſhould be cleane, and he that is born of woman that he ſhould be righteous? Iob 15.15.

O thou holy One, the holy One of Iſrael, when I have named my ſelfe man, man born of ſinfull woman, what can I ſay more to confeſſe mine uncleanneſſe? for what is man that is borne of woman? is he not in his originall concelved in ſin, and ſhapen in iniquity? the firſt moment his weeping eyes (as if then he was ſenſible of his wretched condition to bewaile it) ſalute Iob 5.10. Hoſea 11.9. Iſa 43.3. Iſa.1.4.

lute the light, is he not an heire of eternall darkneſſe? for when he leaves the impriſoning cloyſters of his Mothers wombe, does he not bring with him his impurity? what is he in his progreſſe? does he not walke as in a vaine ſhadow, encreaſing his ſinnes and ſorrowes with his years? is he not even as nothing, when he ſtands in competition with thy Majeſty? yea, take him at the beſt, and is he not altogether vanity? yea, is he not even lighter then vanity it ſelfe, when he is weighed in the ballance of thy unſearchable Wiſedome? what is he in his *Exit*? is he not even very rottennesſe and putrifaction? a conſtant Mine of changes and tranſmigrations? may he not ſay unto corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my ſiſter? in his birth ſinfull, in his life mortall, in his death mournfull: and what, Oh! what is this impure, vaine, vaniſhing, changeable, mortall, corrupt, putrifying man, born of woman, that he ſhould be cleane or righteous? that he ſhould pretend either purity or integrity, while his eyes are towards thee, in whoſe ſight no fleſh living can be juſtified?

Pſal. 39. 5, 6. Pſal. 144. 4. Iob 17. 14. 25. 6. Pſal. 143. 2. Gen. 18. 25. Pſa. 22. 3.

But, O Lord, the righteous Judge of all the world, though I am uncleane, though I am unrighteous, yet thou continueſt holy, O thou worſhip of Iſrael.

Let not my uncleanneſſe incenſe thy juſtice for my condemnation, but let thy mercy cleanſe my impurity for my ſanctification.

I confeſſe, O Lord, I was ſhapen in wickedneſſe, and in ſinne hath my mother conceived me, yet let thy goodneſſe purge mee, and I ſhall be cleane, oh waſh mee with the moſt pretious effuſion of the ſacred blood of my Redeemer, and I ſhall tranſcend the ſnow in whiteneſſe.

Pſal. 51. 5. Verſ. 7.

O let

O let my merciſull Saviour be unto me righteouſneſſe and ſanctification, and my uncleanneſſe ſhall never make me fewell for Hell-fire; nor my unrighteouſneſſe, exclude me from thy holy habitation. 1 Cor. 1. 30.

O Jeſu, waſh thou not onely my feet, but my hands, and my head; that no part in me may be but thine, that my part in thee may be for ever. S. Ioh. 13. 8, 9.

O Lord, let me never want the teares of true contrition to bewail the polluting ſtains of my uncleanneſſe; and then I ſhall never want my Saviours pretious blood to cleanſe my ſinns, and make me righteous.

This I begg, for my Saviours onely merits. Amen.

O homo, memento unde es & erubeſce, ubi es & ingemiſce, quo iturus es & contremiſce.
Quid homine vilius, niſi ſupra ſeipſum nititur?

The Sinners Laver.

Pſal. 51. 2. *VVaſh me throughly from my wickedneſſe, and cleanſe me from my ſinns.*

O Lord, what doe I appearing in thy preſence? when thou art holineſſe, and I polluted; when thou art purity, and I a Leper; when thou in the beames of tranſcendent majeſty doſt inhabite

bite the higheſt Heavens, and I, in the loathſome raggs of my deformity, am made by ſinnes as black as Hell? Lord, what do I appearing in thy preſence?

Lord, what ſhould I do but appeare in thy preſence? I am polluted, I come to be made holy: I am a Leper, I come to be cleanſed: I am dyed in black by my ſinns, I come to be waſhed: and who but thou alone canſt doe it? Oh! waſh me throughly from my wickedneſſe, and cleanſe me from my ſinns.

Pſal. 6. 6. My Lord, and my God, what though I ſhould waſh my bed, and water my couch with my teares? what though my head were a fountaine of waters, and mine eyes could guſh out rivers of teares, that I might weepe day and night for my grievous offences againſt thy Majeſty; yea, what though my heart could keep eaven pace with myne eyes, and ſweat dropps of blood, as faſt as they raine teares? could this blood waſh me? could theſe teares cleanſe me? no, no, they cannot, they cannot, I do confeſſe their inſufficiency, I do acknowledge their dryneſſe; their dryneſſe to ſuch a worke, to ſuch a cleanſing, though ſeldom (perhapps never) thou waſhes any without their teares, yet their owne teares can never waſh them to make them pleaſing objects in thine eyes. My Saviours blood it is that I thirſt after, and it is alone thy hand of mercy muſt apply it to my ſoule, my ſoule deſiring to be cleanſed: Oh! bathe me in it: Oh! waſh me with it, and the cloathing of my innocence ſhall be whiter then ſnow. A ſinners onely Laver is the onely blood of Act. 4. 12. Chriſt, that is the Fountain thou haſt ſet open for Ju- Zach. 13 1. dah and Jeruſalem, for ſinne, and for uncleanneſſe. Lord, I come unto it with my ſinns, with my uncleanneſſe, to be cleanſed, to be purified, it is a fountaine,

let

let it not be dry to me; it is an open fountaine, deny not me an entrance: Oh! let not my ſpotts be as the ſpotts of a Leopard, but dipp in thy hand and waſh me. Ier. 13. 23.

Lord, hath the healing hand of thy ſaving mercy been extended to ſo many heavy-laden ſinners, coming to thee for eaſe and comfort? and ſhall it now be ſhortned in my reliefe? haſt thou holden out the golden Scepter of thy life-giving favour to a denying *Peter*, to a ſtrongly-Satan-poſſeſſed *Magdalen*, yea, to a Jeſu-crucifying Jew? and ſhall I be irrecoverably left to the laſhes of the rod of thy diſpleaſure? S Mark 16. 7, 9 Act. 2. 36, 38, 39.

Lord, haſt not thou promiſed to heal the broken-hearted, to recover ſight to the blind, to deliver captives, to ſet at liberty the bruiſed, to waſh the polluted, to cleanſe the leprous? Lord, why not me? Oh! why not me? waſh me, even me alſo, from my wickedneſſe, and cleanſe me from my ſinns. Iſa. 61. 1. S. Luke 4. 18.

O moſt mercifull *Jeſu*, what though I am leprous, and full of ſinne, abounding in tranſgreſſions and iniquities? yet is there not a plenitude of grace in thee? a ſuperabundant infinite treaſury of free mercy in thy fullneſſe, more then ſufficient to cleanſe my leprous ſoule from its pollutions? is there any dye of ſinne ſo deepe, that thy pretious blood cannot change and purifie? S. Ioh. 1. 16, 17.

Lord *Jeſu*, waſt not thou anointed with the oyle of gladneſſe above thy fellowes, that it might redound upon thy members from thy exuberancy? did not thy garments ſmell of Myrrhe, Aloes, Caſſia, and thy Spikenard ſend forth ſweet ſmelling Odours, that thou mightſt communicate the ſuperabundant ſweetneſſe of thy graces unto thy followers? didſt not thou receive a fullneſſe of efficiency, to impart to us a fullneſſe of ſufficiency? hadſt not thou more then enough, that Pſa. 45. 7, 8. Cantic 4. 14.

we

we might not be found empty, having nothing? didſt not thou receive thy fullneſſe to give to others? Lord, then, why not to me? Oh! why not to me? waſh me, even me alſo, from my wickedneſſe, and cleanſe me from my ſinns.

Iob 7. 20. O thou preſerver of men, is there not a propenſion in thee to communicate thy graces unto thy ſervants? S.Matth.21. 9. On Palme-Sunday. didſt thou not ride in triumph to thy paſſion? waſt not thou ſtraitned untill that houre? thou that wert ſo ſtraitned to purchaſe grace and glory for ſinfull Creatures, wilt thou be ſtraitned or unwilling to communicate thy purchaſe to mournfull ſinners? no, no, thou wilt not, thou wilt not: O therefore give me grace to entertaine thy graces; make me open-hearted Ier.8.4,5,6. Eze.18.31,32 to receive, as thou art open-handed for to give; make S.Mat.23.37. me as pittifull to my ſelfe, as thou art compaſſionate: Hoſ.13.9. it is from my ſelfe, O Lord, it is from my ſelfe, if I be deſtroyed, for thou art my loving God, and willing Saviour.

Lord, art not thou as powerfull, as thou art willIſa.43.13. ing? if it be thy will to worke, what power can let it? if thou wilt communicate thy grace, Lord, who can hinder? if thou wilt waſh me with the moſt pretious effuſion of thy blood, who art moſt mighty, no ſtrength of ſinne or corruption within my ſelfe, no daring armies of potent Satan can keep my ſoule in its uncleanneſſe: Waſh me therefore, Oh, waſh me throughly from my wickedneſſe, and cleanſe me from my ſinns.

S Luk. 1. 6. For, my God, I do acknowledge, I muſt incline my Pſa.119.2,6. heart to all thy teſtimonies, and my feet ſhould walke Simulata ſanctitas duplex iniquitas. in all the paths of thy commandements: for a half-ſervice is a whole apoſtacy, and he obeyes thee not at all to any purpoſe, who does not obey thee with all his heart,

heart, with all his ſoule, with all his mind: becauſe not this, or that, but all ſinne is thy enemy, therefore I muſt not be a friend at all unto it, for friendſhip with it, is enmity with thee. What will it availe me to be cleanſed from the ſpots of filthy avarice, and to burne in the infernall flames of blinde concupiſcence? or what will it profit me to paſſe ſecurely by the Red-Sea of blood, which calls for vengeance, and be ſwallowed up by the raging ſurges of pride, & of ambition? my *Jeſu*, thou muſt be All in All unto me, or elſe I am nothing to thee, nor thou to me. Deuter. 6. 5.

Quid prodeſt ſi peccata luxuriæ quis defleat, & adhuc avaritiæ, æſtibus anhelat? Greg. quoted by Magiſt. Senten. lib. 4. diſtinct. 14. lit. A.

Lord, I do confeſſe I owe my ſelfe, and my whole ſelfe unto thee; that I am bound to ſerve thee, and thee onely, and thee wholly; and to let no ſinne be an Idol in thy Temple, that is, my ſoule: but withall I do confeſſe my inſufficiency to performe ſo great a work; it is onely thou canſt doe, what thou commandeſt. Oh! do thou in me, what thou expecteſt from me; let it not offend me to looſe a right eye, or a right hand, that offends thee; let no darling ſinne divide me from thee, nor any beloved ſinne make thee mine enemy: ranſack, oh, ranſack every corner of my heart, waſh me, and waſh me throughly from my wickedneſſe, and cleanſe me from my ſinns. Amen.

Domine fac quod jubes, & tum jube quid vis. S. Auguſt. Conf. S. Mat. 5. 29, 30.

Domine, nunquam albâ innocentiæ circumamictus ero ſtolâ, donec pretioſâ ſanguinis tui purpurâ veſtiar,

The Inside outward.

Pſal. 32. 5. I *will acknowledge my ſinne unto thee; and my unrighteouſneſſe have I not hid.*

O Lord, moſt mighty, and moſt merciſull, how infinite is thy goodneſſe towards the ſonns of ſinfull men? what variety of ſoule-melting obligations doth the open hand of thy houndleſſe mercy throw down upon them? what method doſt not thou uſe to perſwade them from the curſed ſervice of ſinne, and to draw them with the Cords of love unto thy ſelfe? Oh, how gracious have thy diſpenſations bin to me in particular? what Arguments hath not thy long-ſufferance uſed, to lead me to thee, my God, my happineſſe? to intreate me, as it were, not to provoke the eyes of thy glory to my confuſion, but to embrace the path of life for my ſalvation.

Rom. 2. 4.

Eſa. 3. 8.

Yet I, even I, O Lord, thus bound unto thee, thus loaden with thy mercies, like *Jeſurun* have waxed fat and kicked; I, ungratefull I, unmindfull of thee, unmindfull of my ſelfe, have ſinned againſt thee: O Lord, did thy grace abound towards me, that I ſhould encreaſe my abominations? wert thou ſo good to-

Pſal. 68. 19. Deuter. 32. 15, 18.

wards

wards me, that I might be ſo ill unto my ſelfe, as to requite thee with ingratitude? baſe ingratitude. Lord, be thou mercifull unto my ſinns, for they are great. I have nothing to plead for my ſelfe, but to plead againſt my ſelfe: I have nothing to ſay for my ſelfe, but that I have nothing to ſay for my ſelfe, for my juſtification; except thou pardon for my deare Saviours ſake, I periſh, Lord, I periſh everlaſtingly. That thou mayſt pardon, I do confeſſe how unworthy I am to be made worthy of forgiveneſſe: yea, as I have multiplyed my ſinns, I will multiply my ſad confeſſions, for I will acknowledge my ſinne unto thee, and my unrighteouſneſſe have I not hid. Iob 42.6.

I have not hid, and certainly I cannot, why therefore is this acknowledgement of my tranſgreſſions? to what end tend theſe confeſſions? wherefore muſt I thus turne my *inſide outward*, and cloath the backſlidings of my life in Aiery garments? is it becauſe there is no knowledge or no regard in the moſt high of humane actions, or that there are ſome lurking holes in the hearts of men are not apparent in thy ſight without diſcovery? yea, art not thou the onely ſearcher of the heart and reins, to whom the moſt ſecret ſecrets of our ſoules are moſt tranſparent? and do we not onely ſo farre know our ſelves, as thou art pleaſed to diſcover our ſelves unto our ſelves by thy illumination? how can he that knowes thee to be omniſcient, think to hide his ſinns from thee without confeſſion, or by confeſſion to teach thee knowledge? is it therefore to teſtifie my obedience to thy commands, and to embrace ſalvation, upon ſuch termes thou haſt preſcribed? is it not becauſe the tribute of my tongue is as due unto thee, as the groanings of my ſoule? can the beſt member that I have be

Pſal. 73. 11.
Pſal. 94. 7.
Pſal. 7. 9.
Ier. 17. 10.
20. 12.
Pſal. 44. 21.
Quem fugit humani nulla latebra ſinus.
1 Cor. 4. 3, 4, 5.
1 Ioh. 1. 9.
Proverb. 28. 13.
Pſal. 32. 5. ſed in pub. Liturg. 6.
Pſal. 108. 1. according to the tranſlation in the Liturg.

S.Mat.15.16. better exerciſed, then either in confeſſing my offences, to procure thy favour, or in magnifyng thy mercies, to glorifie thy name? is it not thar I may be a light and example unto others in their turnings to thee, if I be an * *Auguſtine* in my confeſſions? or however, that I may terrifie & torture my grand Accuſer by my mournfull tongue and weeping eyes, who could not read my repentance in my heart? or is it not that my converſion to thee may be a ſpectacle of joy unto thy miniſtring ſpirits, the glorious Angels? what though the heart broken be the onely ſacrifice that thou acceptest, and canſt not deſpiſe? yet was there ever a broken heart whoſe tongue was looſed, that did not burſt forth into ſtrong cries, with weeping lamentations for grace and pardon, for peace and comfort? Who can ſeparate heat from fire, or glorious light from the Prince of Stars? I ſhould juſtly ſuſpect the contrition of my heart, if the mournfull Rhetorick of my tears, and the lamentable Oratory of words did not plead their realitie.

*Cui non ſunt notæ Lacrymoſę iſtæ. S.Aug. confeſſiones.

S.Luke 15.10. Lacrymę pœnitentium Vinum Angelorum.

Pſa 51.17. Pſal.39.3.

Pſal.32.1. Pſal.85.2. pſal.38.18. prov.28.13. Rom 10 10.

Therefore, O thou eternall Juſtice of infinite mercies, from thee I will not cover my tranſgreſſions, that thou may'ſt cover them.

But I will confeſſe my wickedneſſe, and be ſorry for my ſinnes.

Oh! let me ſo confeſſe them as to * forſake them; that I may finde mercie, and my confeſſion may be unto ſalvation.

*pœnitentia eſt mala præterita plangere, & plangenda iterum non committere. S Ambroſe.

Lord, in ſinne I was conceived, I was no ſooner ſhapen, but miſ-ſhapen with iniquitie; and though my tongue were ſilent, what has my life been but a confeſſion thereof?

Irriſor eſt & non pœnitens, qui adhuc agit quod pœnitet: non videtur Deum poſcere ſubditus, ſed ſubſannare ſuperb⁹. Iſidor.

O purge me with thy ſanctifying graces, and I ſhall be clean; waſh me with the moſt pretious blood of my Redeemer,

Redeemer, and I ſhall be whiter then Snow.

Lord, I do confeſſe, my ſinnes for qualitie are moſt heinous, willfull, ah! willfull ſinnes againſt thy Majeſtie; for quantitie are numerous, or rather innumerable; for extent are univerſall, in thought, in word, in deed: ſo that my ſoul thus leprous with ſinnes contagion, cannot but be the abhorred object of thy juſt diſpleaſure, and deteſtation. But, O thou Father of mercies, be mercifull to me a ſinner. I ſmite my breaſt in holy indignation, ſmite thou my heart with true contrition.

Inaniſeſt pœnitentia, quam ſequens culpa coinquinat. S. Aug. Qui commiſſa plangit, nec tamen deſerit, pœnæ graviori ſe ſubjicit. Greg. All which places, with many more, are quoted by Magiſt. ſenten. lib. 4. diſtin. 14. lit. A.

Waſh me, O waſh me throughly from my wickedneſſe, and cleanſe me from my ſinnes. Create in me a clean heart, O Lord, and renew a right ſpirit within me; that ſetting my heart at libertie from the captivity of ſinne and Satan, I may runne in the wayes of thy Commandements.

Lord, I do confeſſe, I have been ſometimes ſo deſperately wicked and rebellious, that neither the apprehenſion of thy omnipotent Power, which might damne me in a moment to all eternitie, could deterre me; nor the thunder-claps of thy ſore diſpleaſure, and various judgements could awake me; nor the conſideration of thy mercies & long-ſufferance could perſwade me, from the wretched perpetration of abominable, preſumptuous, and ungratefull ſinnes againſt thy Majeſtie: in ſo much that my wickednesſes are gone over my head, and are like a ſore burden, too heavie for me to bear. Pſa. 38. 4

I am brought into ſo great trouble and miſerie, that I go mourning all the day long; even, ſometimes roaring for the very diſquietneſſe of my heart. Verſ. 6. 8.

I am become like a Pellican in the wilderneſſe, and like an Owle that is in the deſart.

Pſal. 102. 4, 10. My heart is ſmitten down, and deſolate within me, in the apprehenſion of thy wrath and indignation.

Pſa. 65. 2. O thou that heareſt prayers, to whom all the deſires

Pſa. 38. 9. of my ſoul are known, and from whom my groanings are not hid,

Pſal. 51. 8. Make me to hear of joy and gladneſſe, that the bones which thou haſt broken may rejoyce.

Verſ. 12. O give me the comfort of thy help again, and ſtabliſh me with thy free Spirit.

Let not my ſinnes, which are mans weakneſſe, conquer thy mercies; wherein thou ſheweſt thy ſelfe moſt mightie, but quicken thou me for thy Names ſake.

Pſal. 19. 12. Who can underſtand his errours? ô cleanſe thou me from my ſecret faults.

Pſal. 143. 6, 7. Hear me, O Lord, and that ſoon, for my ſpirit waxeth faint; hide not thy face from me, for my ſoul gaſpeth unto thee as a thirſty Land.

Pſal. 38. 22. Haſte thee to help me, O Lord God of my ſalvation. Amen.

Agnoſco Domine, ignoſce precor; etſi in me eſt unde damner in Ieſu ſalus.

The

The Sinners Portion.

Romanes 6.23. *The wages of ſinne is death.*

O Lord, who art the portion, and exceeding great reward of them that love thee, by keeping thy commandements which lead to life; make me perfectly free by truely ſerving thee, leaſt in being a bond-ſlave to Satan, the wages of ſinne ſhould be my portion. Pſa.119.57. Gen.15.1.

O ſeeing good and evill, life and death, bleſſing and curſing are ſett before me; let not me make a league with Hell and deſtruction, but covenant with thee, O God, to be thy child, that thou mayſt be my God and Saviour. Deut.11.26. Deut.30.19. Ier.28.15.

Lord, let me dye unto ſinne that I may live unto thee, and not live in ſinne to dye eternally. Rom.6.11.

Let not, Oh! let not the ſeeming pleaſures of ſinne, which are but for a ſeaſon, ſo cloake from my remembrance their deadly wages, as to prevail with me by their courtſhip to their killing embraces. Heb.11.25. Eccleſ.11.9.

O let me alwayes remember the end of ſinne, and then I ſhall never doe amiſſe. Rom.6.21.

Lord, who would ſinne, if he did but conſider the bitter

bitter fruits of that forbidden tree? who would ever take ſuch paines in the works of darkneſſe for ſuch direfull wages? doth not ſinne divide between thee and us, and deprive us of the comfort of thy preſence? doth not ſinne make us loathſome objects in the eyes of thy purity, and make thee to abhorre us from the very ſoule with deteſtation? doth not ſinne deprive us of the fruition of all thy bleſſings whatſoever, whereſoever? and ſteale from us the ineſtimable poſſeſſion of the riches of grace and glory? and, O my ſoule, if ſinne had no other puniſhment but this which is privative, methinks, it ſhould make it too bitter to be diſgeſted: yet conſider further its poſitive, proper wages.

Iſa 59.2. pſa 51.12. Amos 6.8. Deut.28 Sinne has of neceſſity two dreadfull Attendants, pœnam damni, & pœnam ſenſus.

Doth not ſinne make God looke upon us in fury and indignation, to blaſt us with the breath of his diſpleaſure? doth not ſinne pluck downe Gods univerſall judgments on our accurſed heads, and ſometimes, as it were, bring Hell from Heaven to conſume us, and yet, which is our miſery without conſumption? from whence come dolorous diſeaſes in our bodies? tormenting loſſes in our eſtates? helliſh and diſconſolate horrours in our ſoules, and conſciences, if not from ſinne? to whom owe we all the curſed confuſions which diſtract the univerſall world, now groaning, as it were under the encreaſing burden of our iniquities, if not to ſinne? as ſinne kills us ſpiritually by ſeparating God from our ſoules, doth it not likewiſe kill us naturally by dividing our ſoules from our bodies, that we might live languiſhing in the inſupportable torments of death * eternall? theſe, theſe are the wages of ſinne: O who would ſerve ſinne to be ſo rewarded?

pſal.18.15.

Gen. 9 24. S. Iohn. 5. 14.

Gen. 2.17. * Momentaneum eſt quod delectat, æternum eſt quod cruciat. Remember that well, and ſinne if thou canſt.

O my ſoule, conſider this in profound and ſerious meditation, and enter not into the ſervice of ſinne,

to

to have the Devill thy pay-maſter.

Lord, whenſoever ſinne would captivate my heart with its deceitfull preſent ſweetneſſe, let the remembrance of the wages ſtrengthen my frailty againſt ſuch temptations.

O *Jeſu*, who didſt ſuffer an accurſed death as the wages of my ſinne, let me not be ſo accurſed as to ſinne unto death.

Let me not crucifie thee afreſh by living unto ſinne, who didſt die for my ſins that I might live unto thee. Heb. 6. 6.

Lord, let me feare to ſinne, leſt thou ſhouldſt hate mee: Lord, let me feare to ſinne, becauſe I love thee. Amen.

Quid veræ jucunditatis eſſe poſſit in peccato, cum ſtipendium ejus eſt mors æterna?

Salvation from Heaven.

S. Matthew, chap. 8. 25. chap. 14. 30. *Lord, ſave me, or I periſh.*

O God, to whom ſalvation belongeth, ſhew thy ſelf in my deliverance from the perills of thoſe enraged ſtorms and tempeſts, which threaten to ſwallow me up in everlaſtiug deſtruction. Pſal. 3. 8. Pſal. 94. 1.

My ſinnes, O Lord, have raiſed theſe floods againſt my ſoule; Oh! let the teares of my contrition ſo
S. Mat. 8. 26. aſſwage thine anger, as to riſe and rebuke their fury, leſt I periſh.

Pſal. 36. 7. Mercifull *Jeſu*, be thou my *Jeſu*. I put my truſt under the ſhadow of thy wings, for wonderfull is thy loving kindneſſe to thy redeemed.

Pſal. 46. 1. O thou ſoveraigne power and goodneſſe, be unto
Pſal. 146. 3. me a preſent and ready helpe in trouble, for vaine is the helpe of man to be my Saviour.

Pſal. 60. 11. Preſerve me, O Lord, according to the multitude of thy mercies, and let not mine enemies rejoyce in my deſtruction.

But ſtretch out thy right hand, and uphold me againſt
S Mat. 14. 31. all the aſſaults of my ſinns and Satan, O thou moſt
Pſal. 45. 3. mighty.

Let me find more of thy mercy, then of Satans cruelty in all my troubles and calamities.

Plead thou my cauſe with them that ſtrive with me:
Pſal. 35. 1, 3. fight againſt them that fight againſt me, that my ſoule may rejoyce in thy ſalvation.

O *Jeſu*, my Saviour, me thinks even now I feele my burdned ſoule almoſt covered with the over-flowing waves of ſtrong temptations, and about to ſink through humane frailty.

Make my extremity thy opportunity; ſave me, Oh! ſave me, or I periſh.

Pſal. 130. 1. Lord out of the deepe doe I cry unto thee, Oh! let
Pſal. 31. 7. thine eares be attentive to my requeſt, and refuſe not to know my ſoule in adverſity.

Lord, I do confeſſe my ſinns are great, but thy mercyes are greater, yea, they are infinite; I relie upon thee, I put my whole confidence in thee; yea, though

though thou kill me, yet will I truſt in thee for my ſalvation. Iob 13.15.

Oh! wherefore doſt thou hide thy face, as if thou wouldſt not be entreated, or as if thou forgotteſt my afflicting oppreſſions? Pſal 44. 24. Pſal. 72.7,8,9.

How long Lord? wilt thou be angry for ever? and ſhall thy jealouſie burne like fire? Pſal. 79.5.

O remember not againſt me my former iniquities: let thy tender mercies ſpeedily prevent me, for I am brought very low. Verſ. 8.

Helpe me, O God of my ſalvation, for the Glory of thy name; deliver me, and purge away my ſinns for thy names ſake. 9.

Turne thee, O Lord, and deliver my ſoule. Oh! ſave me for thy mercies ſake. Pſal. 6.4. S. Mat. 8.24.

Awake, why ſleepeſt thou, O Lord? ariſe, and caſt me not off for ever. Pſal. 44. 23.

O God the Father of mercies, who ſo lovedſt the world as to give thine onely begotten ſonne, that whoſoever beleeveth in him ſhould not periſh, but have everlaſting life; let me not periſh for whom Chriſt dyed, that I might have life, and that abundantly. S. Iohn 3.16. Rom. 5.15.

O God the Sonne, Redeemer of the world, who cameſt not but to the loſt ſheepe of the houſe of Iſrael; ſave me a poore, loſt ſinner, by the ineſtimable merits of thy moſt pretious blood, which ſpeaketh better things then that of *Abel*. Hebr. 12. 24.

O God the Holy-Ghoſt the comforter, revive my diſconſolate heart with thy quickning grace, and manifeſt thy ſelfe unto me in the fruits of joy and peace unto my ſoul. Gal. 5. 22.

O God the Father, God the Sonne, God the Holy Ghoſt, of whom, and through whom, and to whom are

all things; make haſte to help me, that I periſh not, but
Rom 11.36. may enjoy the glory of that incomprehenſible Trinitie
in Unitie, whom now I ſue to, as the rock of my ſalvati-
Pſal.18.2. on, and my refuge.

Thou art my onely Helper and Deliverer, make no long tarrying, O my God. Amen.

O bone Jeſu qui me redemiſti perditum, tuere redemptum.

The happy Change.

Joel 2. 14. *Now ſaith the Lord, turn ye unto me with all your heart, with faſting, weeping and mourning.*

O Lord, thou ſayeſt, turn unto me; and I ſay, turn me to thee: for except thou doſt prevent me with the aſſiſtance of thy grace and goodneſſe, I am but dead to heavenly motions.

Rom.9. 16. 1 Cor. 15 10. Bona voluntas gratiæ pediſſequa non prævia. S. Aug. Epiſt 10. ad Bonifacium, contra Pelagianos.

Thou alone, who onely art immutable, canſt work ſuch a happy change within my heart. O therefore, thou Father of mercies, in whom is my help, who art God, and doſt not change; change me ſo, thy poor creature, as to turn to thee who art immutable.

Lord,

Lord, thou ſayeſt, Now turn unto me, and ſhall I deferre it? ſhall I procraſtinate the time of my converſion? when thou ſayeſt *now*, ſhall I dare to ſay *hereafter?* oh! my God, let me not harden my heart againſt thy Call to day, leſt too morrow I be roaring in Hell, where it can never be mollified. Pſal 95. 7, 8.

Let me not now hide mine eyes from repentance, leſt hereafter repentance be forever hid from mine eyes. Hoſea 13 14.

O Lord, now, even * now, turn me from my ſinnes; and then now, even now ſhall I wholly turn my heart unto thee, and turn unto thee with my whole heart.

* Et tu Domine, uſquequò iraſceris in finem? quamdiu? quamdiu? cras & cras? quare non modò? cur non hæc hora finis turpitudinis meæ? in vitâ S. Aug.

O Lord thou ſayſt, turn unto me with your heart; and ſhall I onely draw neer unto thee with my * lipps, having my heart far from thee? ſhall I dare to appear in thy preſence with a verball confeſſion of, *I have ſinned, ah! I have ſinned,* and not bring a heart of contrition to forſake my ſins, which turne me from thee, the hope of Iſrael? what? ſhall I fill up the meaſure of my ſinnes with diabolicall hypocriſie, and turne converſion it ſelfe into iniquity? Shall I think that though my Sepulchre-painted Pietie may deceive men, that God is mocked? ah! Lord, let this ſinne never be laid unto my charge. Let not my ſoul have ſuch bitter things to write againſt it ſelfe to my greater confuſion. But as I cannot turne unto thee, except thou turne me; ſo give me a heart to turne unto thee, and I ſhall turne unto thee with my heart. S. Mat. 23. 27. Gal. 6. 7. Lament. 5. 21.

O, ſeeing the heart of converſion is the heart converted; make me to make my heart to ſuffer in my turning to thee, and then I ſhall never ſuffer Satan to deceive me in my converſion.

* Quid prodeſt ſtrepitus labiorum, ubi mutum eſt cor? Greg.

O Lord, thou ſayeſt, turne to me with your whole heart: and ſhall I preſume to keepe a corner of it for

ſome darling ſinne, or boſome luſt? and thinke that
2 Cor.6.14,15 light and darkneſſe, that *Chriſt* and *Belial* can dwell together? know I not that thou art a jealous God, and
Exod.20.5. canſt not endure a rivall in that heart thou marrieſt and eſpouſeſt unto thy ſelfe? know I not that he turnes not with his heart at all unto thee, who turns not unto thee with all his heart? Oh! therefore, my God, give me a broken heart to turne unto thee, and then I ſhall turne unto thee with a whole and perfect heart.

Pſal.51.17. Give me the well-pleaſing ſacrifice of a contrite ſpirit, to offer up * and conſecrate unto thy majeſty, and then I feare not in Chriſt, thy Sonne, my Saviour, to be accepted.

Lord, thou ſayeſt, turne to me with faſting. And Lord, I doe faſt: but oh! let my faſting turne me to thee: let it ſo ſpiritualize my fleſh, that it may not depreſſe my ſoul to carnall vanities, or ſenſuall pleaſures: let it not ſo much weaken ſenſe, as weaken ſinne
Rom.6.12. within me, which ſtrives for maſterie to be prædominant: let it not kill my body, but kill the body of ſinne, which rebells againſt the ſpirit, to lead it captive to uncleanneſſe: let it feather my prayers to mount with more facilitie and fervency to the throne of grace, and ſublimate my devotion to a more intimate communion with thee my God, and onely happineſſe: let it feaſt my heart with ſpirituall dainties, that it may with more earneſtneſſe hunger and thirſt after the fuller ſtreams of living water, and that ſatisfactory righteouſneſſe which leads unto them. Let it almoſt transforme me into an * Angel in this body of mortalitie, that my ſoul may hardly be ſenſible of thoſe walls of fleſh, which do for the preſent, as it were, impriſon it; and let it be as it were, a Chariot to it, to carry it above all earthly

pleaſures

* Ieiunium eſt Angelorum vita, cœlorum clavis, ala animæ, curſus Spiritus, vexillum fidei, portus paradiſi, &c quæ paſſim reperiantur S. Patrum ſcriptis, quoted in Burtons Melanch. pag. 655

pleaſures to the raviſhing contemplation of Eternitie. For he that doth not propoſe ſuch ends as theſe to himſelf in faſting, muſt begin a new to faſt, if ever he intend with faſting to turn unto thee.

Si vis orationem ad Deum volare, fac ei duas alas jejunium & eleemoſynam. S. Aug.

Lord, thou ſayeſt, Turne to me with weeping; and ſhall I come unto thee with drie eyes, who have ſo many blemiſhes and pollutions in my ſpotted ſoul to waſh and purifie? did ever any ſinner truly turne unto thee without weeping eyes? and ſhall I without *weeping eyes think to turn truely to thee? Know I not, that unleſſe I go weeping on my way in this valley of tears, I cannot reap the joyfull harveſt of eternall glory? and ſhall I not wiſh that my Head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night, 'till I am ſufficiently cleanſed for the Holieſt of Holies, where all tears ſhall be wiped from mine eyes to all Eternitie? ah Lord, my drineſſe, my drineſſe, in the bewayling of my aberrations from thee, and turnings to thee. Oh! let me weep, becauſe I cannot. If it be the hardneſſe of my heart that dries my eyes, remember that once out of the ſtrong Rock thou broughteſt rivers of waters; and hold not teares from mine eyes, that thou mayeſt not hold thy peace at my *teares in turning to thee.

*Tantò lacrymoſior apud pedes, quantò alienior à veſtigiis de Mariâ Magdal. ſic S. Aug lib. de Virginitate.

Revel. 7. 17.

Exod. 17. 6. Pſal. 6. 8. Pſal. 39. 12.

Lord, thou ſayeſt, turne to me with mourning; and I ſay, give me a mourning ſoule to turne unto thee. Let my ſighs and groanes (which are many ſighs improved) rend my wounded heart for turning from thee; and be as ſo many proſperous gales to haſten my ruinous Bark, toſſed in this worldly Sea of vexing vanities, to the bleſſed Haven of eternall joy and glory.

*OratioDeum lenit, lacrymæ verò cogunt eum miſereri. S. Chriſ ni malè memini.

O glorious Trinitie, let this threefold manner of change by weeping, faſting, and mourning, make me at one

one with Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghoſt, who are One in three.

Lord, let me turn unto thee, and turn unto thee as thou haſt commanded: though being a Creature, and ſo finite, I can pay no infinite ſatisfaction, for my infinite tranſgreſſions againſt an infinite Majeſtie: yet in turning to thee, canſt thou require leſſe then that I ſhould do what juſtice I can in revenge upon my ſelf for ſinnes committed, and bringing forth fruits worthy of repentance? as much as I have turned from thee by rioting or revelling, by chambering or wantonneſſe; let me ſo much turn unto thee by faſting, watching and prayer; by prayer, watching, and faſting: as much as I have ſuffered mine eyes to be windows open to vain delights, and pleaſing vanities, ſo much let me turn unto thee by mingling my drink with weeping, and watering my Couch with my tears of true contrition. As much as I have turned from thee by ſuffering my heart to melt in earthly mirth, and worldly jollities; ſo much let me turn unto thee by mollifying my heart with mournfull groanes of godly ſorrow, to regain the joy of thy gracious favour, which is better then life it ſelf to the poſſeſſour.

2 Cor. 7. 11. S. Mat 3. 8. upon which ſee Biſhop Andrews ſermons

Pſa. 102. 9. Pſal. 6. 6.

Lord, let me feaſt my ſoul with ſpirituall faſting. Lord, let me cleanſe my heart with contrite weeping. Lord, let me glad my ſpirit with unfeigned mourning: and never ceaſe till this faſting, weeping and mourning be turnd into an everlaſting Feaſt and Jubilee of joy and glory.

This I begge for my Saviours onely merits, Amen.

O anima mea niſi convertaris, confundêris.
Memento hujus & reſipiſce.

The

The Souls deſire.

Iſaiah 26.9. *with my ſoule have* I *deſired thee in the night.*

O Lord, nothing makes me ſo much deſire thy preſence as thy *abſence: Oh! what a Hell it is to be without thee? my ſinnes did muſter up themſelves againſt me, ſtared gaſtly on me, encompaſt me about to deſtroy my ſoule. O my God, the Agonie of that hour, that fearfull Agonie my ſoul then ſweat under.

*O miſeros nos qui bonum magis carendo quam fruendo anhelamus.

Me thought I ſaw my ſelfe, as it were an outcaſt of Heaven and Earth, the terrible vengeance of thy eternall indignation hanging over me; all Creatures in Heaven or Earth denying me aſſiſtance, Hell gaping under me with thirſty jawes, to ſwallow me for ever; Satan triumphing in my miſery; no glimps of mercy, the midnight of my ſinnes had cloathed me about with ſuch infernall darkneſſe. Oh! that night, that night of horrour, how at length breaking through all thoſe clouds of oppoſition, catching at thy mercy, thy infinite mercy, thy tranſcendent mercy, thy invincible mercy, thy ſaving mercy, did my ſoul deſire thee in that night?

O Lord, my God, as in that night my ſoul deſired thee, ſo now my ſoul deſires thee that I may never ſee ſuch a night again.

O Lord, how do the floods of perſecution daſh againſt my ſoul with foaming billowes, and the furious ſtormes of raging malice threaten my ruine? what delight is it to the proud and cruell to burden me with ſorrow, and make my ſufferings as innumerable as are my ſinnes? how am I ſet up as a mark whereat to ſhoot their arrowes of indignation, triumphing moſt, when in their view I am moſt miſerable?

Iob 16. 12.

Prov 18.10. Pſal.18. 1,2, 3. Lord, whether ſhall I flie for comfort, for deliverance? whether but to thee, my God, my Saviour? thou art O Lord, my ſtrength, and I will love thee; thou art my rock, my fortreſſe, and I will ſeeke thee, relie upon thee; thou art my deliverer, though the floods of ungodly men make me affraid, and I will praiſe thee; thou art my onely refuge, and I onely flie to thee for ſuccour. My afflictions quicken my inquiſition: it is good for me that I have bin in trouble, for in that night my ſoul deſired thee.

Pſa. 119. 71. Pſal. 105. 4. Pſal. 30. 7. Thy face, Lord, I doe ſeeke, why hideſt thou it from me? Oh! how is my ſoule troubled at the withdrawing of thy preſence? and my God, let it never find any reſt till it recover thee: how is my joy turned into ſorrow at thy abſence? what a diſmall Canopie of darkneſſe hath overſhadowed me? how do I ſeeme to draw nigh to Hell? what terrours? what languiſhings? what faintings? what doubts? what perplexities? what diſconſolations? what amazements? what aſtoniſhments do ſeaze upon me with inexpreſſible horrour? and all this becauſe I had forced my Beloved from his habitation, my Soul, his Temple.

O Lord,

O Lord, chaſtiſe me, and turn thy face: puniſh me rather in any thing then in the ſubtraction of thy preſence, thy comfortable preſence, my joy, my happineſſe. Let the reviving beams of thy gracious favour, the light of thy countenance but dawn upon me, and I ſhall be whole; and nothing elſe can heal my ſickneſſe. Lord, anſwer my petition with acceptation, for my ſoul hath deſired thee in this night. Pſal. 51. 11.

O Lord, my God, what is this world but a * night? while we wander here, what are we converſant in but darkneſſe? O thou deſire of all Nations, as with my ſoul I have deſired thee; ſo I deſire with my ſoul, my ſoul may ſtill deſire thee: 'till theſe ſhadows vaniſh, and I enjoy thee in that everlaſting day, which baniſhes night and darkneſſe from mine eyes for evermore. Lord Jeſu, ſo be it. Amen. Pſal. 80. 19.

* Habet mundus iſte noctes ſuas & non paucas. Quid dico, quia noctes habet mundus? cùm penè totus ipſe ſit nox, & totus ſemper verſetur in tenebris. Bernar. in Cant. ſer. 75 Cantic. 2. 17.

O bone Jeſu, quid querulam animam te hâc caliginosâ mundi nocte e longinquo ſequentem veris illuminare poteſt gaudiis, niſi viviſicantes tuæ præſentiæ radij?

The onely Cure of a troubled Heart.

Pſal. 80. 3,7,19. *Lord God of* Hoſts, *lift up the light of thy countenance upon me, and* I *ſhall be whole.*

Iſa.6.3. Revel.12.6. 1 Tim.1. 18. O Moſt mightie God, the Lord of Hoſts, the ſtrength of Iſrael, how truely militant is thy perſecuted Church in the wilderneſſe of this world, when every Saint is a Chriſtian Souldier?

S.Mat.11. 12. Oh! how many armies muſt he conquer in his ſpirituall warfare, before he can take heaven by ſacred violence?

Eph. 6. 12. Lord, what a formidable army of Principalities and Powers, of the Rulers of the darkneſſe of this world, of ſpirituall wickedneſſes in high places, hath Satan their Generall raiſed againſt my ſoul for to devour it?

Prov.7.27. Oh! how in a moment ſhould I deſcend to the chambers of death, and be dragged an everlaſting Captive to thoſe infernall priſons from whence is no redemption, if thou, whoſe will is irreſiſtible, wert not the Lord of Hoſts for to aſſiſt me?

Rom.9.19. Eph.6.11. O cloath me with the whole armour of thee, my God, that I may be able to ſtand againſt all the wiles of the Devill.

Let

Let not his Serpentine ſubtilty deceive my ſimplicity, nor his Lyon-roarings affright my ſoul from a filiall confidence. Gen. 3.4. 1 Pet. 5.8.

O deliver me from the ſnare of the Fowler, for under the covering of thy wings is my ſtrength and refuge, untill this Tyrannie be overpaſt. Pſal. 91.3,4.

Let thy faithfulneſſe preſerve me, who haſt promiſed not to ſuffer me to be tempted above what I am able either to bear with patience, or conquer with magnanimitie, by thy grace which is ſufficient for me in all diſtreſſes. Pſal. 89.33. 1 Cor. 10. 13. 2 Cor. 12.9.

O make me ſtrong in thee, the God of my ſalvation; and in the power of the might and mercie of thee the moſt High, I ſhall not miſcarry. Epheſ 6.10. Pſal. 21.7.

Lord, what a numerous army of ambitious deſires, of pompous honours, of glorious riches, hath the flattering world raiſed againſt my ſoul, to withdraw me from thee to their unlawfull embraces?
Oh! was I able to anſwer the powerfull rhetorick of their treacherouſly-loving violence, if thou the Lord of Hoſts didſt not plead my cauſe when they fight againſt me? Pſal. 43. 1.

O thou who haſt overcome the world, that by thy victory I might triumph; let not the world overcome me to apoſtatize from thee, to whom onely to cleave is good for my ſoul, to embrace the ſeeming ſweetneſſe of her pleaſures. S. Iohn 16. 33. Pſal. 73.28.

Let me not make an eſtimate of godlineſſe by gaine, but of gain by godlineſſe; and alwayes remember, when riches do moſt entice my heart to be ſet upon them, that he cannot be poor who hath thee for his* riches.

What good can there be in the Creature, but it is more eminently contained in thee the Creatour, even in infinite perfection? S. Mat. 19.17.

*Omnis mea copia quæ Deus meus non eſt, egeſtas eſt. S. Aug

S. Mat. 6. 33. Lord, what doth he not finde that is desireable, who seekes thee and thy Kingdome? and what good doth he not lose, who doth not finde thee?

O make me sadly consider, that I can never gaine, though the whole world should be the purchase, with the
S. Mat. 16. 26. losse of my soul to all eternitie.

Let me esteem pietie the onely honour, and therefore onely dishonourable to be sinfull; and that he is above the honours and preferments of this inferiour world, who is high in thy favour and estimation.

How can any new glory cloath his honour and riches
1 Cor. 3. 22, 23, with more transcendent beams of Majestie, (though he seem never so despicable to mis-judging worldlings in respect of the externall povertie of his inglorious condition) whose holines, by purchase of Christs precious blood,
Rom. 6. 22. doth entitle him an Heire to an everlasting Kingdom?

O make me to remember, that the glorious riches and
Pro. 11. 4, 28. most admired honours of this sublunary world, can never raise me to the height of happinesse, without Pietie;
Iames 5. 1, 2, 3. yea, will most assuredly sink me lower in the damned pit of eternall curses; but that pietie, disroabed of all
1 Tim. 4. 8. worldly glories, is sufficient to crown me with everlasting contentment.

Yea, O God my strength in all temptations, make me resolute and couragious, rather to endure the tempest of sorrows and calamities, which the men of this world may by thy permission inflict upon me; then to be perswaded to embrace any worldly preferments by sinister wayes, and unlawfull proceedings.

Rom 8. 17, 18. For the sufferings of this life, if born with patience,
2 Cor. 4. 17. will work for me a farre more eternall weight of glory; but the airie honours of this vanishing world being so
1 Tim. 6. 9. obtained, will plunge me irrecoverably, without repentance

pentanee, into eternall perdition.

Lord, what a treacherous army of deceitfull luſts and baſe concupiſcences do warre againſt my ſoul to withdraw it from thee? Oh! what a wretched inteſtine contention is raiſed in my own Members, to procure my ruine? 1 pet. 2. 11.

Lord, what a prolificall ſeed of treaſon againſt thy ſacred Majeſtie lurks in my heart, readie on all occaſions to conceave and bring forth ſinne, to the death of my ſoul? Gen. 6. 5. Iam. 1. 13, 14. 15.

O Lord God of my ſalvation, if thou wert not the Lord of Hoſts to maintain my right, how could I be delivered from the bodie of this death I carry about me? Rom. 7. 18, 24.

O thou in whom mercy and power do meet, and kiſſe, let me conquer my ſelf by the might of thy grace, and then neither the world, nor the Devill with all their powers or policies ſhall work my overthrow.

O Lord, the God of my ſtrength, why doſt thou caſt me off? and why go I ſo heavily becauſe of the oppreſſion of mine enemies? Pſal. 43. 2.

My Lord, and my God, are not mine enemies thine enemies? O therefore deliver my ſoule for thine owne names ſake.

Ariſe, O Lord, and let thine enemies be ſcattered; let them alſo that hate thee flee before thee, melting at the glory of thy preſence. Pſal. 68. 1, 2.

Maintain thine own Cauſe in fighting for me: ſhew thy ſelf, who onely art the Cure of my ſoul in adverſitie: Oh! do but lift up the light of thy countenance upon me, and I ſhall be whole. Pſal. 23. 4.

For then will I fear none ill, though the ſhadows of death encompaſſe me about on every ſide.

O what an * everlaſting ſtay of peace and conſolation doth

* Mea nox obſcurum non habet ſed omnia in luce clareſcunt. B Lauren. in form.

doth that ſoul enjoy, though both earth and Hell be confederate againſt it, whom thy face doth ſhine upon with the Beams of mercie. Yea, my God, if it were poſſible for me to have the light of thy countenance in Hell, I ſhould be happy.

Pſal. 90. 8. Pſal 91. 1. Oh! ſet not my ſecret ſinnes in the light of thy countenance; but let me dwell in the ſecret place of the moſt High, and abide under the ſhadow of the Almightie, and then the light of thy Countenance will ſhine upon me.

Verſ. 16. Oh! ſatisfie me with long life, which onely ſtreams from the glory of thy preſence, even the life of eternitie, which my ſoul ſighs after; ſhew me ſalvation by the

Pſal. 50. 5. light of thy countenance, where no darkneſſe can ever

Pſal. 16. 11. ecclipſe it from mine eyes.

My God, it is my Saviours purchaſe; oh! let it be thy ſervants Poſſeſſion, for his onely merits. Amen.

Domine, quid eſt infernus niſi beatifici tui vultus æterna privatio?

Death in life, and Life in death.

Romanes 8. 13. *If ye live after the fleſh, ye ſhall die; but if through the Spirit ye do mortifie the deeds of the body, ye ſhall live.*

Heb. 12. 9. Iet. 32. 27. O Lord, the Father of ſpirits, and God of all fleſh, who haſt ſet life and death before me in the momentany

mentany courſe of my frail mortalitie, death by living, and life by dying; death by living unto ſinne after the ſeduction of the fleſh, life by dying unto ſinne in mortifying the deeds of the body by the power of the Spirit; ſo aſſiſt me in this ſpirituall combat of everlaſting life or death, with the manifold graces of thy Holy Spirit, that living I may die, and dying I may live the life of glory.

Let me not die eternally, by living unto ſinne; but let me live eternally, by living unto righteouſneſſe, through mortification. Rom.6. 11.

O Father of mercies, the hope of Iſrael, and a very preſent helpe in time of trouble; what an unnaturall civill warre do I feel raiſed in my own bowels by inveterate, irreconcileable enemies? how am I miſerably rackt and tortured with the contrary motions, and contentions of fleſh and ſpirit? how doth the fleſh luſt againſt the ſpirit, and the ſpirit againſt the fleſh? how do I omit the good I would perform, and commit the evill I would not perpetrate? how do I finde a law in my Members rebelling againſt the law of my minde, to bring me into captivitie unto the law of ſinne? wo is me, wo is me, how am I divided, how diſtracted? dragged hither and thither by contending Antipathies? my fleſh pleads, I kill my ſelf if I become ſo unnaturall, as to deſtroy her; my minde tells me, I cannot live, if my fleſh periſh not: what ſhall I do in this contrarietie of my ſelf againſt my ſelf? O wretched man that I am, who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death? Pſal.46. 1. Gal.5.17. Rom.7.19,23. Verſ.24.

Who ſhall? even thou, O Lord, to whom I flie in this extremitie, who art the God of my ſalvation, and my refuge. Pſal.9.9. Pſal. 18.2.

Oh! manifeſt thy power in my weakneſſe, and let

S. Mat. 26. 41. not the weakneſſe of my fleſh conquer the willingneſſe of my ſpirit; but let the willingneſſe of my ſpirit, by the power of thy grace, ſubjugate the weakneſſe of my fleſh to thy Commandements.

Let not the deceits of the fleſh by the ſubtiltie of Satan, entice me to nouriſh my deadlieſt enemy in mine own boſome, to my everlaſting deſtruction; but good * Lord deliver me from my ſelf; becauſe without my own conſent Hell labours in vain to conſpire my ruine. Make me to abſtaine from fleſhly luſts, which warre againſt the Soul; and to make no proviſion for the fleſh to fulfill the luſts thereof; knowing that to live after the fleſh is death eternall, but to mortifie the deeds of the bodie by the Spirit, is everlaſting life.

* Domine, libera Auguſtinum ab Auguſtino.

1 Pet. 2. 11.

Rom. 13. 14.

Rom 8. 7. My Lord, and my God, make me at perpetuall enmity with my luſts, becauſe to be at peace with them, is to be at enmitie with thee, the God of peace, and of my ſalvation.

Rom. 15. 33.

Gal. 5. 24. Oh! let me not live after the fleſh, but after the Spirit, that crucifying my fleſh with the affections and luſts thereof, I may evidence my ſelf to be thy ſonne, and Chriſt crucified to be my Saviour.

Rom. 8. 14.

Iob. 9. 3. O Lord, who art wiſe in heart, and mighty in ſtrength, yea, Wiſdome and ſtrength it ſelf, when Satan my potent and ſubtle adverſary, doth moſt furiouſly, and craftily lay wait for my ſoul, in muſtering up the inflamed powers of my concupiſcence, to rebell againſt thee, & quench thy Spirit, with his ſacred motions & inſpirations; oh! then eſpecially aſſiſt my ſoul in the hour of temptation; and encline my heart to extinguiſh the inraged luſts of all ſinfull fleſh, with the heavenly exerciſe of frequent faſtings, with the continued practiſe of ſacred watchings, with the powerfull remedie of contrite

1 Theſſ. 5. 19.

tears,

tears, and with the invincible weapon of ſupplication.

Let me, oh! let me by theſe ſpirituall weapons ſo chaſtiſe my body into ſubjection, and mortifie the deeds of the fleſh by the power of thy grace, that in life and death Chriſt may be advantage to me, and his death may be life unto me to all eternitie. Amen. 1 Cor. 9. 27. Philip. 1. 21.

Nihil eſt glorioſius quam carnem vincere, nihil vilius quàm a carne vinci. S. Hieron.

The good Converſion.

Pſalme 51. 9. *Turn thy face from my ſinnes, and blot out my miſdeeds.*

O Lord, when I muſter up the army of my ſinnes, and call them to remembrance, how am I terrified with the apprehenſion of thy judgements? how is my ſoule diſconſolate, and amazed to finde it ſelf a fit fire-brand for eternall flames? O Lord, what ſhould I do in this perplexitie? whether ſhould I turn my ſelf in this diſtreſſe? is it not thee, even thee, O Lord, I have offended? and is it not thou, and thou alone, canſt ſigne my pardon with the pretious blood of my Redeemer? art not thou as well a Father of mercies and compaſſion, as a God of juſtice and conſuming fire? oh! let not thy juſtice triumph in my condemnation, but let thy mercie triumph in my ſalvation, O thou Preſerver of 2 Cor. 1. 3. Heb. 12. 27. Iob 7. 20. Pſal. 80. 19.

men. Let not the black clouds of my ſinnes withhold the light of thy countenance to make me whole, but turne thy face from my ſinnes, and blot out all my miſdeeds.

O Lord, I know thou art eternally omniſcient, and whereſoever thou turneſt thy face, all things are preſent unto thine eyes. For whether can we betake our ſelves, to flie from the preſence of thy knowledge? what mean I then to deſire thee to turn thy face from my ſinnes, as if mine iniquities were not Ubiquitaries in reſpect of thee, and thou hadſt not eyes in every place? what meaning have I in praying ſo? is that the queſtion? yea, what did I mean, if I did not pray ſo? for I muſt deſire thee to turn thy face from my ſinnes, whileſt thou haſt a look of indignation againſt ſinners. Whileſt thou canſt clothe thy face in furious frowns againſt tranſgreſſours, & art able to blaſt me in a moment with the breath of thy diſpleaſure, for hardening of my heart againſt thy fear. I muſt deſire thee to turn thy face from my ſinns, while I have ſins to be remembred, & thou haſt mercies to forget them: while I have tranſgreſſions to be pardoned, and thou haſt compaſſion to reconcile me to thy ſelf, through thy Beloved. I muſt deſire thee to turn thy face from my ſinnes, whileſt thou haſt a condemning knowledge, and I have miſdeeds to make me lyable to condemnation. And likewiſe I muſt deſire thee to be deſired, I muſt intreat thee to be intreated in this particular. Oh! turn thine ear to my ſupplication, while I in agony of ſoul deſire thee to turn thy face from my ſinnes.

Pſal. 139.

My Lord, and my God, what a life of perturbations is frail mortalitie? what a Sea of troubles is vain man toſſed in? what a Myne of cares is his vexed heart? for, O Lord, if thou turnſt thy face from me I am troubled; and

and yet, if thou turnſt not away thy face, I am troubled alſo. Is not in thy preſence life and pleaſure for evermore? and if thou turnſt this preſence of life and everlaſting pleaſure from me, can I but be troubled? do's not horrour, death, and hell, and condemnation wait upon the frownes of the face of thy diſpleaſure? and if thou turnſt not this face of death and condemnation from me, can I but be troubled at the ſoul? yea, my God, it would moſt trouble me, if this ſhould not trouble me, when I conſider it. What ſhall I ſay then, being thus diſtracted, thus divided? Thus will I pray with fervency and affection unto my God. Pſal. 30. 7.

O Lord, turne away thy face, and yet turn not away thy face: turn away thy face from my ſinnes, that thou mayeſt turn thy favour upon my perſon. Turn away the eye of thy diſpleaſure from me a ſinner, that thou mayeſt look upon me with the eye of mercy, to make me a Saint. Turn away the anger of thy preſence from me ſinfull, that the preſence of thy grace may make me righteous. Oh! turn thy face from my ſinnes, to look upwards to thee, that thou may'ſt turn thy face from my ſinnes, and look upon me. Look upon me, my God, oh! look upon me a ſinfull Creature, yet thy Creature. Look upon me, yet bathe me firſt in the moſt pretious blood of my dear Redeemer. Look upon me in the blood, look upon me in the face of Jeſus; and then thou wilt, yea, thou canſt not but turn thy face from my ſinnes, and blot out all my miſ-deeds, which would condemn me. O Lord, blot out all my miſdeeds, which are the blemiſhes of my ſoul, and the provocations of thy vengeance: which make me vile, and make thee terrible. Oh! blot them out, my God, that I may be a fit * Temple for thy Deitie. Let, oh! let thy ſaving hand of mercie, with

* Licet, ubicunque Deus eſt, tamen in ſolis bonis habitat, qui ſunt templum ejus, & ſedes ejus. Eſa. 66. ver. 1, 2 Magiſt. ſentent lib. 1. diſtin. 37. lit. B.

the sacred blood of my Redeemer, cancell these sad and bitter things they have writ against me in the book of Conscience; and blot them out of the eternall Book of thy remembrance; and then I shall be clean, and then I shall be justified, and then I shall be at peace with thee my God; ('till which, O Lord, let me never be at peace with my self) and then I shall be sanctified: and then, O Lord, thou perfecting that work thou hast begun, I shall be glorified with thee for ever.

This I begg for the onely and all-sufficient merits of my Saviour. Amen.

Quem Deus benignè intuetur, iratis oculis sua peccata aspicit.

O quàm gravius est aterno Dei privari aspectu, quam a peccatis oculos nostros impræsentiarum averiere?

Divine Arithmetick.

Psal. 90. 12. *Teach me to number my dayes, that I may apply my heart unto wisdome.*

Psal. 39. 6, 11. O Lord, how vaine a thing is man? how vaine? how vanishing? how is his soule rackt with crowdes of torturing thoughts, and tost with swelling tempests

tempeſts of ſeverall perturbations? in the meane time for the moſt part reckoning leaſt his greateſt reckoning.

Some make no account but of their pleaſures; their * periſhing pleaſures, their ſorrowfull pleaſures, their pleaſures that lead to eternall miſery: this is their Arithmetick. Heb. 11. 25. *Fluit voluptas, & prima quæque evolat, ſæpiuſque relinquit cauſas pœnitendi, quam recordandi. Cicero de finib. lib. 2.

Some make no account but of their worldly honours and preferments; their deceitfull honours, their flickering honours, their dangerous honours, their honours that with but the angry puff of an incenſed people, in a moment lie groveling in the duſt. This is their Arithmetick.

Some number up nothing but their riches; their momentany riches, their uncertain riches, their tormenting riches, their riches that make them both poor and pitied. This is their Arithmetick. 1 Tim. 6. 17.

But in this, my God, I ſee no wiſedome; yea, I ſee much folly, more maddneſſe, and the totall ſumme is hell and horrour: therefore making no account of ſuch Arithmetick, O teach me to number my dayes, that I may apply my heart unto wiſdome. This is divine Arithmetick, which I deſire to learn, and thou, O Lord, canſt onely teach me.

Teach me, O Lord, to conſider, that I muſt give an account of my dayes, and that will teach me for to number them. In the ſubſtraction of my ſinnes by true repentance: in the diviſion and rending of my heart, by ſad contrition: in the numeration of thy favours, and multiplication of thy graces by ſoul-ſolacing thankfullneſſe, for he that makes not ſuch a reckoning of his dayes do's never number them. S. Luke 16. 2.

O Lord, I do confeſſe my ſinnes are paſt number; but let it never be added to the number of my ſinnes Pſal. 19. 12.

that

that I do not number my dayes, let me not procraſtinate the time, becauſe my dayes paſſe like a ſhadow, and every moment, for ought I know, may drop me into the gulph of vaſt eternity: and when eternity has once ſeazed upon them, they then are paſt numbring indeed: while I am here cloathed with walls of fleſh and blood, they are ſoon graſpt, but a ſpan long; and ſeeing they are ſo ſhort, let me ſee that they be not evill; ſeeing they are ſo few, and therefore ſo ſoon reckoned, what account can I make unto thee if I do not number them?

Pſal. 39.5.
Iob 14.1.

O Lord, my God, all is vanity of vanities and vexation of ſpirit, except to ſeeke thee, except to love thee: this is wiſedome, and onely wiſedome. O Lord, thou knoweſt my folly in the too frequent application, but miſ-application, of my heart unto ſuch vanities, ſuch vexing vanities; I doe confeſſe it, I do bewaile it: but let thy ſaving hand of mercy apply wiſdome unto my heart, that I may apply my heart unto wiſedome: let her not call and I not hearken; becauſe her voyce is thy call, and ſhee calls me to thee; whom if I come not to, I am moſt miſerable.

Eccl. 1.14.

Prov. 1.20.

O Lord, I obſerve the ſeverall aberrations of many hearts in their applications: ſome apply their hearts to the world, are worldly minded: ſome apply their heart to the fleſh, are fleſhly minded: ſome apply their hearts to Satan in his helliſh ſeductions and ſuggeſtions, are diaboically minded, can even embrace him (having diſroabed himſelfe of his angelicall forme) in his proper colours: but this is for want of ſeeking to thee, to be informed, to be directed, to be inſtructed, for which I come unto thee ſighing, O

2 Cor. 11.14.

teach

teach me to number my dayes, that I may apply my heart unto wiſedome. Amen.

Non diu vixit, licet annorum pondere gravatus ſit, qui non vixit piè. Sanctitas ſolum vitam facit longævam.

Mans frailtie

Pſal. 143. 2. *Enter not into judgment with thy ſervant, for in thy ſight ſhall no man living be juſtified.*

O Lord, who art Creator of all things, and judge of all men, who art mercifully juſt, and juſtly mercifull; make me ſo to think on thy juſtice, that thou mayeſt think on me in mercy: let me ſo enter into judgment with my ſelfe here, that thou mayeſt not enter into judgment with me hereafter.

O Sonne of God, my God, my Saviour, unto whom all power is given in Heaven and Earth, to whom all judgment is committed by God the Father, in my moſt retired and ſaddeſt thoughts, me thinkes I ſee the dreadfull Tribunall of thy juſtice preſent before me, thy ſelfe cloathed with Majeſty and Glory, attended with an innumerable ſociety of Saints and Angels; S Mat. 28. 18. S. Iohn 5. 22.

and I alſo apprehend my ſelfe arreſted by thy ſummons to appeare before thee, to give an account of my entruſted ſtewardſhip.

O Lord, behold me proſtrate, and trembling at the apprehenſion of ſuch a ſummons: behold me pleading guilty, that thou mayeſt pardon: behold me ſmiteing my breſt, with a Lord be mercifull to me a ſinner, and my heart ſmiting me with *Davids*, I have ſinned, Oh! I have ſinned: behold me fearing to approach thy preſence, and yet thirſting after an everlaſting union: behold me condemning my ſelfe, that thou mayſt juſtifie me; and in the humble acknowledgement of mine own frailty crying unto thee, Enter not into judgment with thy ſervant, for in thy ſight ſhall no man living be juſtified.

S.Luk. 18. 13. 2 Sam. 24. 10.

O God, my Saviour, didſt not thou in the forme of a ſervant undergoe judgement for me? and wilt thou now enter into judgment with thy ſervant? O let thy condemnation be thy abſolution; if thou entereſt into judgment with me, I cannot be juſtified; (for what is man that he ſhould contend with thee?) and if not juſtified, I cannot be ſaved; and, O my *Jeſu*, didſt thou redeeme me to deſtroy me? didſt thou die for me, that I might periſh? didſt thou, who alwayes and onely art I AM, begin to be in time, to ſuffer for mee? and wilt thou let me ſuffer everlaſtingly? wilt thou condemme me to eternall torments? Oh! ſatiſfie thy juſtice out of the infinite value of thy own moſt pretious ſufferings, and enter not into judgement with thy ſervant.

Philip. 2. 7. Exod. 3. 14. S. Iohn 8. 58.

O *Jeſu*, who art the judge of me and all the world, art alſo a God of purer eyes then to behold iniquity, and I a ſinnfull Creature, laden with ſinnes and treſ-

Habac. 1. 13.

paſſes

paſſes; this is my terrour; yet thou who art my judge, art alſo my brother, this my comfort? didſt not thou become my brother, that thou mighteſt become my Saviour? thou who art my judge, art alſo my Redeemer; and didſt thou redeeme me to condemne me? thou who art my judge, alſo art my King, and wilt not thou defend thy ſubject from deſtruction? thou who art my judge, alſo art my Prophet, and didſt thou teach me the path of life to ſend me to the priſons of eternall death? thou who art my judge, alſo art my Prieſt, and ſhall I not now in the greateſt agony of my extremities enjoy the benefit of thy reconciliation? didſt thou come to find me being loſt, and being found ſhall I be loſt for ever? thou who art my judge alſo art my Advocate, and ſhall my ſinnes cry louder then thy all-powerfull interceſſion? thou art my Advocate, Oh! therefore, my God and Saviour, plead in me to thee by thy ſpirit, plead for me to thy Father, my Father by thy merits, and enter not into judgment with thy ſervant.

S. Iohn 20. 17. Heb. 2. 17. Pſa. 2. 8, 9, 12. Pſal. 110. 1, 2. S. Luk. 2. 32. Heb. 1. 1. Heb. 7. 25. 1 Iohn 2. 1.

O Lord ſuch is mans frailty ſince the fatall bruiſe he tooke in *Adams* fall, that of himſelfe he cannot ſatiſfie thy juſtice, if thou wilt be extreame to mark what is done amiſſe, he cannot abide it; and am not I one of the depraved characters of ſinnfull *Adam*? yea, have I not much more dyed my ſoul in black by my actuall tranſgreſſions againſt thy Majeſty, to wound thy patience, and incenſe thy fury?

Pſal. 130. 3.

Doe this and live is a law, O Lord, I cannot live by: death it may, and doth ſhew to me, but life it cannot. I do acknowledge with S. *Paul* I am not able to thinke ſo much as a good thought of my ſelf, or my own ſufficiency: yea, and which is worſe, and preſents

2 Cor. 3. 5.

me more odious to thy pureſt eyes; I do confeſſe, as I am in a naturall condition, every imagination of the thoughts of my heart is evill, and that continually. While I am in the fleſh it is impoſſible for me to pleaſe thee. I have no plea but confeſſion, nor any hope but mercie. If I did but think I could juſtifie my ſelf by my obedience, it were ſufficient to condemne me, without the acceſſe of my other heapt-up abominations.

Gen. 6. 5.
Rom. 8. 8.

Hear therefore, O Lord, my Saviour, thy humble ſuppliant, thy ſelf-accuſing, condemning petitioner, ſupplicating thy mercies, deprecating thy judgements. Didſt not thou come to call ſinners to thee? and now I am come, wilt thou refuſe me calling? oh! let thine ears be open to my crying, who out of the ſenſe of mine owne frailtie, who out of the feeling of my own imperfections, who out of the apprehenſion of mine own ſinfulneſſe and vileneſſe, do ſue unto thee, do crie unto thee with ſtrong cries in agonie of ſpirit, not to enter into judgement with thy ſervant, becauſe in thy ſight no man living can be juſtified.

S. Mat. 9. 13.
S. Mat. 11. 28.

O Jeſu, my Saviour, ſeeing in thy ſight no man living can be juſtified, be thou my All, for I am nothing: be thou wiſdome unto me, to inſtruct me: be thou juſtice unto me, to make me righteous: be thou Sanctification unto me, to make me holy: be thou Redemption to me, to make me glorious: and then I ſhall not onely be juſtified in thy ſight, but enjoy thy preſence to make me happy for evermore. Even ſo be it, Lord Jeſu. Amen.

1 Cor. 1. 30.

Domine, quàm totus horreo ac contremiſco, quoties
tremendi tui tribunalis reminiſcor?
Qui ſæpè recordatur ſe factorum rationem
redditurum, non peccat.

Mans

Man's refuge.

Psalme 25.1. *Vnto thee, O Lord, will I lift up my soul, my God, I have put my trust in thee; O let me not be confounded; neither let mine enemies triumph over me.*

O Lord, the floods are risen, the floods have lift up their waves, the floods have lift up their voice, and roare nothing but ruine in mine eares. Psal. 93.3.

The Serpent and his envious seed are risen against me, to compasse me about on every side.

My sinnes, O Lord, my sinnes, my greatest enemies, lay siege against me, and would swallow me up in everlasting destruction.

But thou, O Lord, the onely hope of Israel, art the Rock of my salvation; and while I am cast down with sorrows and distresses, unto thee will I lift up my soul.

O my God, be not thou farre from me, when mine enemies draw near to work my ruine; and then, when I am weake, I shall be strong; when I seem to be cast down I shalt most triumph. 2 Cor. 12. 10.

While I have thee to flie to as my refuge, I shall finde life in the midst of death.

O be thou with me, and I will not fear what earth or Hell can do unto me.

If thou, O Lord, while I lift up my ſoul unto thee, wilt vouchſafe in mercy to deſcend into my ſoul with the refreſhing comforts of thy preſence, mine enemies may hurt themſelves, but me they cannot; for then whatſoever Clouds do frowne upon me, I cannot be miſerable; yea, I ſhall be more then conquerour in all afflictions.

Rom. 8. 37.

Pſal. 73. 25. O Lord, my God, whom have I in heaven but thee, and what do I deſire on earth in compariſon of thee? for thou onely, and alone canſt be my refuge.

I have made thee, my God, my onely refuge, becauſe I have put my truſt in thee; and I have put my truſt in thee, becauſe thou onely art my refuge.

1 Pet. 4. 19. I commit my ſelfe unto thee as into the hands of a faithfull Creatour; yea, as unto the bowels of a bleeding Redeemer.

If thou, O Lord my God, be for me, who can be againſt me? and if thou be againſt me, who can be for me? for who can ſtop the irreſiſtible ſtream of thy righteous indignation againſt ſinners?

But, O my God, let not me periſh, let not me periſh, but mine enemies: let mine enemies onely be thine enemies, and then I ſhall never be confounded.

Confuſion belongs to them that hate thee, and love not Sion; oh, make me to love thee and thy Sion, that I may rejoyce in thy ſalvation.

Confuſion belongs to Babel-builders, ſuch as rend thy Church with Schiſmes, and corrupt her puritie with Leprous Hereſies. But, O my God, as I have not onely prayed for, but endeavoured in my ſphere the unitie of thy Jeruſalem, as I have longed after the peace of God in earth, ſo let me enjoy thee, the God of peace, in Heaven.

Make

Make me at enmity with ſinne, and I ſhall be at peace with thee, and mine own ſoul.

Make me at enmitie with ſin, and mine enemies ſhall never prevail againſt me. O Lord, the more mine enemies preſſe upon me for my ruine, make me the more to preſſe thee for thy protection.

Oh! let not mine enemies triumph in my deſtruction, but let thy mercies triumph in my ſalvation.

O Lord, my God, whatſoever mine enemies make me to ſuffer, let not them make me to ſinne, and then they ſhall never triumph over me.

O Lord, in thee have I truſted, let me never be confounded. Amen.

Confundi non poteſt quem Deus protegit.

Patience in Tribulation.

Pſalme 119. 137. *Righteous art thou, O Lord, and juſt are thy judgements.*

O Lord, whoſe wiſdome is as wonderfull as mightie, the moſt righteous Judge of all the world, how inſcrutable are thy judgements, and thy wayes paſt finding out? how are thy actions in the deep, wherein thou walkeſt? and thy footſteps are not known. What mortall eye, or finite underſtanding can trace thee in thy dealings towards the ſonnes of men? who can comprehend the myſterious Riddles of thy incomprehenſible juſtice,

Iob. 36. 5. Gen. 18. 25. Pſal 36. 6. Rom. 11. 36.

Pſal. 119. 67. Eſa. 1. 5. Deut. 28. 15. &c. Pſa. 23. 4. Heb. 12. 6, 7, 8. Exod 3 2. 1 Cor. 4. 9, 10, 11, 12. So God dealt with David, Iob, Ieremiah, Daniel, &c and what infinite examples does the ſufferings of the Chriſtian Church preſent unto us ? Pſal. 37. 7, &c. Pſa. 73. 3, 5. Ier. 12. 1, &c.

Deut. 29. 29.

Exod 20. 5 Heb. 11. totum cap.

* Hugo Grot. concerning the true Religion. lib 1. Sect 18. Revel 22 11.

juſtice, or fathom the bottomleſſe Sea of thy unmenſurable judgements ? doſt not thou often wound to heal, and ſpare to puniſh ? are not thy judgements ſometimes legible Characters of thy furious wrath and indignation ? and ſometimes as pregnant and replete with mercies, as the refreſhing ſmiles of thy gratious favour ? doſt not thou ſometimes purifie thy Church in a burning buſh, and ſeeme even to abhorre thine own inheritance ? are not often the greateſt Saints the greateſt ſufferers ? are not thy deareſt * ſervants, who are thy jewells, reviled, perſecuted, buffetted, baniſhed, defamed, as the filth of the world, and off-ſcouring of all things, inſomuch that by their ſufferings, they become a ſpectacle of admiration to men and Angells ?

In the interim, doſt not thou, O Lord, ſeem to appeare, as it were, viſibly, for thine and thy Churches enemies, in their frequent victories and almoſt miraculous ſucceſſes ? is not ſometimes ſuch the proſperity of the wicked, that they come into no trouble, neither are they plunged like other men ? yea, do they not even what they luſt, not what they ſhould ? and yet are they not exalted, honoured, and enriched ? albeit, O my ſoul, enter not into their ſecrets, neither be thou partaker with evill doers, notwithſtanding all their ſeeming happineſſe : but being ſwallowed up with admiration in the contemplation of the unfathomed depth of Gods unſearchable juſtice, ſigh often to thy Maker, righteous art thou, O Lord, and juſt are thy judgements.

For teach me, O thou ſevere reprover and puniſher of all iniquitie, rightly to conſider, that they who walk moſt blameleſſe in thy Commandements, have ſome * ſinnes and imperfections deſerve the ſcourge and correction of thy temporall judgements, and that the pureſt

pureſt of thy Saints may be refined.

Make me to know that it is good for ſome to have bin in trouble, and that thou by thy loving correction doſt make them great. Pſal. 119. 71, 75.

Let me be ſo far from repining at whatſoever afflictions thy divine hand of juſtice ſhall impoſe upon me, that I may rejoyce in tribulation, as being advanced to ſo high an honour as to ſuffer for thy name. Iames 1. 2. Phil. 1. 29.

Give me alwayes a hearty will, and a willing heart to reſigne my ſelfe wholly unto thy pleaſure, with not my will, but thy will be fullfilled. S. Mat. 26. 39, 42.

O thou in whom mercy and juſtice do meet and kiſſe, when thy judgements are abroad in all the world, hide not the day of our viſitation from our eyes, leaſt it uſher in our deſolation. Pſal. 105. 7. S. Mat. 23. 38. S. Luk. 19. 42, 44.

O righteous Saviour, when I ſee thy holy Church diſtreſſed, and thine and her enemies exalted, triumphing in her aſhes; let it not pollute my heart with the leaſt motion of ſuſpecting thy * providentiall wiſedome, or thy juſtice; but let it produce in me a hatred of all ſinne, which thou puniſheſt with ſuch ſeverity in thy deareſt ſervants. Pſal. 78. 59, 62. Pſal. 106. 40. Pſal. 73. 13. Pſal. 58. 11. Dan. 9. 12. * Hugo Grot. concerning the true Religion. lib. 1. Sect. 19.

Let me ſeriouſly conſider, that neither * proſperity is an infallible mark of thy friends, nor adverſitie an inſeparable companion of thine enemies. *Phil.* 1. 28, 29. * ſee H: Grot: concerning the true Religion, lib. 6. ſect. 7.

Oh! let me not uſe ſuch ſelf-deceiving argumentation to pleaſe my ſenſe, and to take away all occaſions of ſuffering for thy Truth, if thou calleſt me to it.

O Lord moſt juſt, O God moſt mereifull, we do confeſſe, that righteous and juſt are all thy judgements; yet deliver Iſrael, O Lord, out of all their troubles. Pſal. 25. 22.

Oh! put thy Church into ſuch a capacity, as to be the fit object of ſo great a mercie.

Psal. 119. 88. Psa. 119. 175. As for me, make me to embrace the judgements of thy mouth for my direction, that the judgements of thy hand may not consume me.

Psal. 118. 17. Let me not die but live, that I may praise thee, my God, for evermore. Amen.

Timeat quem Deus non corrigit in hoc seculo, quin eum destinâvit æterno supplicio. S. Aug.

Potior dum patiar.

The unfathomed Depth.

Psalme 139. 23. *Search me, O Lord, and seek the ground of my heart; trie me, and examine my thoughts.*

Jerem. 17. 10. Romans. 8 27. Psal. 139. 2, 3. O God omniscient, who art the Searcher, and the onely Searcher of the most midd-night recesses of humane hearts, who art acquainted with all my wayes, and knowest my very thoughts from all eternity; seek the bottome of my heart with the eye of mercy, lest it deceive me; that from the bottome of my heart I may seek thee with the eye of faith, for to enjoy thee.

Jerem. 17. 9. Seeing I cannot be so well acquainted with my heart, as to know it perfectly, oh! be not thou a stranger to my heart,

heart, that my heart may not be a ſtranger to thee, whom onely to know is life eternall. S Iohn 17.3.

Teach me to commune with my heart, though I cannot fathom the depth by my dimm-eyed ſcrutinies and examinations; leſt I want communion with thee, O Lord, whom I muſt now ſearch for with my whole heart, or loſe for ever. Pſa.4.4. Ier.39.13.

O thou holy One of Iſrael, my ſtrength, my refuge, I have communed with my heart, and find it ſinfull; oh! do thou examine it, and make it clean: for I do not crie unto thee to ſearch my heart out of a vain preſumption, of ſelf-juſtification, by a ſpotleſſe integritie; but out of a paſſionate deſire to be purified from my uncleanneſſe. Iſa.1.4.

Oh! ſearch me throughly, and waſh me throughly from my wickedneſſe; that as thou findeſt my heart polluted by my tranſgreſſions, ſo I may feel it ſanctified by thy Spirit. Pſa.51.2.

Lord, whatſoever way of wickedneſſe be in me, Oh! turne me from it, and lead me in the path of everlaſting life. Pſa.139.24.

O God of purity, moſt juſt, moſt holy, what an abominable heart have I to offer unto thy omniſcient examination? what crowds of leprous abominations do ſwarme within it? there is no ſinne, but either it is there in act, or power: yet, O Father of mercies, turn not thy face from me ſo ſinfull, but turne thy face from my ſinnes ſo abominable: oh! ſeeke the very ground of my heart, (my heavieſt ſinnes are in the bottome) and leave not in it the leaſt ſinne, to exclude the comfort of thy preſence, or to incenſe thy juſtice, to deteſt me. Pſa.51.9.

Lord, ſo break my heart with true contrition, that the dreggs of ſinne may find no ground to reſt upon, and make it filthy; leſt the dreggs of the Cup of thy diſpleaſure be my potion.

My Lord, and my God, I do confeſſe my heart has contracted much droſſe, either by willfullneſſe, or by neglect, yea, by wayes unknown to it ſelfe, for to pollute it; try it therefore, O Lord, try it, but with
Iames 1.2. ſuch temptations as may adminiſter all joy unto my ſoul.

Let thy tryalls advance thy grace in me, and encreaſe my glory.

Teach me to try my ſelfe, and mine own heart, by ſerious conſideration of what thou art to me, and what I am to thee; that in whatſoever, or whenſoever thou ſhalt try mee, I may not ſuffer by my ſinnes, though for them; but through thy mercy may be more then
Rom. 8.37. Conquerour, O thou moſt High.

Lord, what can I think of my ſelfe, while in the examination of my thoughts, I find them to be evill con-
Gen. 6.5. tinually, without thy preſence.

What ſhall I think, but to be without thee is to have a Hell within my heart? Oh! be thou therefore ever with me, to examine my thoughts, and make them righteous.

Be not thou farre from me, O God my righteouſneſſe;
Ier. 23.6. let me find the ſacred influence of thy remembring Spi-
S. Iohn. 14.26. rit raiſing my thoughts to celeſtiall objects, and fixing my meditations on thee, the onely happineſſe of my ſoul.

Lord, let thy mercifull examination ſo purifie my heart; that when I come to receive my finall ſen-
S. Mat. 25.21. tence, I may enter into the joy of Chriſt my Maſter. Amen.

Domine, munda cor meum, ut te videam.

The

The path of Life.

Pſal. 25. 4. *Shew me thy wayes, O Lord; teach me thy paths.*

O Lord, the God of Unity, who art One in Three, whoſe omnipotent wiſedome, or wiſe omnipotency is able to extract beautie out of aſhes, and raiſe harmony from diſcord; how is this confuſed world divided in ſeverall Sections, as if it were Poſting to its primitive Chaos, or haſting to its flaming diſſolution? how doth it languiſh with a violent and loathſome diſeaſe of contrarietie, as if to be at enmitie among our ſelves in curſed diſcords, was not to be at enmitie with thee the God of Peace and unanimous Order? ah! Lord, (for what feeling heart can mention it without a ſigh?) how is the Quinteſcence of the world, thy Church, ſo dearly bought, ſo dearly purchas'd, diſtracted with ſeverall Schiſms, depraved and blemiſhed with Hæreticall Doctrines, and grand Apoſtacie? how do new Lights, with their pretended Revelations, eccliſe and cloud the glorious ſplendor of the ſoul-ſaving Goſpell of Jeſus Chriſt, and lead ſeduced ſoules to eternall darkneſſe? how is Religion, by too many turning brains and inconſtant fancies, made a meer Changling? and blinded ſouls ſet wandring in by-paths by blinder guides, to groap out the ſtraight gate in a myſt of errour? ah! Lord, when this

2 Pet. 3. 10, 12. Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur affore tempus, Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli Ardeat; & mundi moles operoſa laboret. Ovid: lib: 1 Metam: Writing this before S. Peter, certainly he had it from the Oracles of the Sibylls 4. lib:

Igni flagrabit mundus, ſignumque dabunt hæc: Enſes atque tubæ ſimul, & ſole exoriente Terribilem ſonitum, mugitumque audiat omnis Mundus, & exuret terram omnem torridus ignis. Hinc genus humanum poſt quam delêvit, et ómnes Vrbes & fluvios exuſſent, atque profundum, Omnia fient hæc mixtus fuligine pulvis. See them englished by acute Sands in his Ovid: Metam: pag: 30.

is my meditation, this is my lamentation, and in ſuch ſorrow how is my ſoul diſtracted? how divided? rackt hither and thither with ſtrong convulſion fitts? as it cannot but in ſome ſort break my heart to ſee thy Church ſo broken; ſo the diviſions of thy Church divide my ſpirit. Lord, which way ſhall I take to come unto thee? many they are, and thou but One, and truth but one; if I halt doubtingly betweene two opinions, without doubt I runne to Hell: if I am lukewarme, thy ſtomack will not beare me, thou canſt not diſgeſt it; what then ſhall I do in ſuch extremitie? if I know not which way to take, to come unto thee, yet I will come unto thee, that I may know which way to take; and crie inceſſantly, Shew me thy wayes, O Lord, teach me thy paths.

Thy wayes, O Lord, onely are the wayes of life; & thou, who art life it ſelf, the life as well of my ſoul, as of ſuch wayes, canſt onely ſhew them to me. Thy paths, O Lord, are onely the paths of happineſſe, but 'till thou art my Doctor, I walk in miſery; I walk to miſerie: nothing but a hand from heaven can lead me thither.

O Lord, the firſt moment I ſaluted this miſerable light with weeping eyes, I was born an Heire of eternall darkneſſe, I came into this valley of tears with my back upon thee, & my face to Hell: &, O Lord, are not the many deviations of my erroneous life anſwerable to the corruptions of ſuch a wretched Originall? what is my pilgrimage but a life of wandrings? of aberrations? ah Lord! what is it without thee, but a poſting from thee to eternall ſlavery? how do I walk aſtray through deceiving ignorance, from the life-giving paths of thy Commandements? what envious Clouds of crowding errours eclipſe the light of my underſtanding, from finding

thee

thee the light of mine eyes, and the moſt merciſull God of my ſalvation? The Spouſe in the *Canticles* ſought thee in the night: and ſo may I too, groap after thee in the night of theſe myſtie errours, and falſe * Communions, which diſtract my goings, and put me to a ſtand in my travelling to thee. But, O my God, in thy light I ſhall ſee light, and onely ſee it: be thou therefore my Guide, and my Director. Look down from Heaven, and let thine eye pitie my comfortleſſe and diſtracting aberrations, and let thy hand of mercie direct my goings. Oh! ſend forth thy light and thy truth, and lead me into the Land of the living. O God, it is my deſire, and it is thy work; work therefore according to my deſire. I wander for ever except thou do it; ſhew me thy wayes.

Cant. 3. 1. &c.

*ſee S. Aug. de unitate Eccleſiæ.

Pſa. 36. 9.

Pſa. 43. 3.

O Lord, as I have unjuſtly turned my feet from thy wayes, ſo thou mighteſt juſtly turn thine ears from my prayers, and not ſhew me thy wayes for my feet to turn to: but becauſe I am a ſinfull wanderer, wilt not thou therefore ſhew me thy wayes? oh! therefore ſhew me thy wayes, becauſe I am a ſinfull wanderer. I have no plea ſo ſtrong as mercy, though thou haſt bin pleaſed to let me plead for thy righteouſneſſe ſake, for thou art gracious and righteous, O Lord, therefore wilt thou teach ſinners in thy way.

Pſa. 25. 8.

O Lord, I am a ſinner, a blinded ſinner, a wandring ſinner, a diſtracted ſinner; therefore be gracious, yea, righteous to direct me: to teach me the way may bring reſt unto my ſoul, and may bring my ſoul to reſt in thee.

O my God, make me to deny my ſelf, and my own proud conceits of any ſelf-ſufficiency to finde thee, that thou maiſt not deny me, or thine aſſiſtance, who haſt pomiſed to guide the meek in judgement, and to learn thy wayes to humble ſouls.

Pſa. 25. 9.

Let

Let not my pride caſt me down from the paths of righteouſneſſe, but let my humility raiſe my ſtepps to the high-way of Heaven and happineſſe.

Verſ. 10. Oh! incline my heart to keepe thy covenant and thy teſtimonies, that thy paths may be truth and mercy to me.

Make me, O Lord, to ſeeke thee, and thy wayes in truth; that I may find thy wayes, and thee in mercy.

Verſ. 14. O Lord, he that feares thee, thou wilt teach in the way that thou ſhalt chuſe; let thy feare direct mee to thee, in the choice wayes of thy Commandements. oh! ſhew me thy wayes.

Rom. 11. 33. O Lord, I know thou haſt wayes are paſt my knowing, I find they are beyond my finding out. Thoſe wayes of thine I admire with religious adoration, but pry not into with curious inquiſition: if I ſhould ſearch into the unfathomed depth of ſuch thy unſearchable proceedings, I might loſe my ſelfe, but finde thee I could not. for what is to loſe my ſelfe but not to find thee?

Neſcire ea quę maximus Magiſter docere non vult, non eſt ignorantia. for it is properly neſcientia, which is inhærent to all created Entities, even in their high:ſt perfections, which they are capable of. ſee Th: Aquin: 3. parte qu: 10. toto articulo.

Thoſe wayes I deſire thee to ſhew unto me, are ſuch wayes thou haſt ſhewen unto men to be deſired: ſuch wayes as I may make paths to come unto thee: ſuch wayes as may bring me to Chriſt; that Chriſt, who onely is the path of life, may bring me to thee, the end of my path, and my reſt without end.

S. Iohn. 14. 6. O *Jeſu*, my Saviour, thou art the Way, the Truth, and the Life: the Life of the way to truth; the Truth of the way to life: whatſoever I walk without thee, it is but to Hell; all other wayes that take not thee along with them, lead but to death and everlaſting deſtruction: none can come unto the Father, but by the Sonne. O *Jeſu*, my Saviour, thou art the Sonne, be

thou

thou my way unto thy Father; that he may be my Father, and thou mayeſt be my brother. Be thou the Way unto me, that thou mayeſt be life unto me. Be thou Life unto me, that thou mayeſt be my Way unto thee. All other wayes, as falſe, I utterly abhorre. Oh! do not abhorre me thy ſervant, who ſeeks to thee, the onely way of Truth, the onely true Way of Life. S. John 16.23, 24.

O my Jeſu, be thou my Way, and then my end cannot but be happy. This I begg for thine onely merits. Amen.

Quoties peccat, toties memento te, vitæ tramite relicto, in mortis æternæ errare deviis.

Light from Heaven.

Pſal. 119. 18. *Open thou mine eyes, that I may ſee the wondrous things of thy law.*

O God, the Father of Lights, who haſt given me a Word to enlighten mine eyes, enlighten mine eyes that I may underſtand thy Word, that I ſleep not in death while life is offered. James 1.17. Pſal. 13.3.

But that I may ſee thee, who dwelling in light inacceſſible, art inviſible. 1 Tim. 1.16.

O Lord, in what a confuſed Chaos of darkneſſe and thick Clouds am I involved, in reference to the things 1 Cor. 2.14,15

of the Spirit of God, which onely can ſpiritually be diſcerned by a ſpiritualiz'd underſtanding? and I ſhall ever be ſo, unleſſe a * *Fiat lux* from thy glorious preſence dart Beames of enlightning grace into my ſoul.

* De habitu fidei quoad fieri ejus & generationem quum à Deo immediatè ſolò dono gratuito infuſus eſt, &c. Hen: a Grand. ſum. a. 10 q 1. lit D.

Oh! ſend forth thy Light, and thy truth, for my ſoul is in darkneſſe.

O thou who art light and ſalvation to them that love thee; let me not look for good, and behold evill; let me not wait for light, and behold darkneſſe, but in thy light let me ſee light in the land of the living.

Iob 30.26. Pſal 36.9. Pſal. 116 9. Pſal 119.129. S. Iohn 8.12.

Wonderfull things haſt thou, O Lord, revealed to the ſonns of men; oh! open mine eyes to behold and admire them, that my ſoul may love and keep them unto the end.

O Jeſu, who art the Light of the world, and the God of verity, let not the ſecrets of the Goſpell be ſo hid from mine eyes, as either to deceive my * ſelf or others by thy ſacred Word, which is infallible.

* ſint caſtæ deliciæ meæ ſcripturæ tuę, nec fallar in iis, nec fallam ex iis. S Aug. lib. 11. Conf cap 2.

Let not the want of the knowledge of thy revealed Will depreſſe my ſoul; nor the abundance of thy revelations, if ſuch be the gracious diſpenſations of thy Spirit towards me, exalt me above meaſure by my knowledge.

1 Cor. 12.7.

Oh! Let me not by a blind preſumption of my own ſufficiencies, or pretended inſpirations, draw the darkneſſe of errour from the light of thy Word: nor wreſt the ſaving truth of thy ſacred Scriptures to my own deſtruction.

Pſal. 119. 105, 130. 2 Pet 3 17.

O Lord, how many are there, who have eyes and ſee not, who have eares and heare not, who have hearts and underſtand not the wondrous things thy Law delivers? neither thy Power, nor thy Promiſes declared

S. Mat. 13. 13, 14.

in

in thy Word are their admiration: but as theſe men ſeeing, and yet being *blind, in not beleeving, become ¶ Wonders; let me beleeve the wonders of thy Law to my ſalvation.

O thou who art Light, and in whom is no ſhadow of darkneſſe, be thou a light unto me when I ſit in darkneſſe, and diſconſolation, to direct my underſtanding in the knowledge of thy Truth, and to guide my feete in the way of Peace.

Oh! let not the blindneſſe of mine eyes ſhut out thy promiſes, nor the hardneſſe of my heart contemne thy precepts, in keeping of which there is ſo great reward.

O thou, who art a Light unto the Gentiles, ariſe in my heart for my illumination, that I may glorifie thee who art the glory of Iſrael.

My Lord, and my God, let me not walke in blindneſſe to eternall darkneſſe, for unto thee do I lift up my ſoul.

Turne away mine eyes from beholding vanities, that the wonders of thy Law may be their delight in the houſe of my pilgrimage.

O thou, in whom are hid all the treaſures of Wiſedome and Knowledge, diſcover them unto me, who deſires ſo much wiſedome as to know thee, for the onely treaſure of my ſoule.

Open mine eyes that I may ſee thee: open my heart that I may receive thee: open the Heavens that I may enjoy thee for evermore. Amen.

Ah! in quantis verſamur tenebris, quantâ involvimur caligine in hâc tenebroſâ nocte mortalitatis, niſi qui dedit oculos lucem etiam præbeat divinæ illuminationis?

* Major habere oculos dolor eſt ubi non datur uti, Quàm quibus utaris non habuiſſe oculos. Her. Hugo in his Pia deſid. ¶ Miraculum qui non credidit ipſe fuit. Craſh.

Micah 7.8.
S Luke 1.79.
Pſal. 119.22.
Iſa. 49.6.
S Luke 2.32.
Pſal. 143.8.

Pſal. 119. 37. 54.

Coloſ. 2.3.

The Holy Inquisition.

Canticles 3. 2. *I will seeke him whom my soul loveth.*

*Magis me Domine dilexisti quam me, quando mori voluisti pro me. S. Bernard.

O *Jesu*, my Saviour, who didst love my soul* better then thy self, by dying for me, and whom my soul loveth; now I find by searching my heart how I have lost thee by sinne, I will seeke thee again by true repentance.

Psal. 42. 1. As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

Hagjai 2.7. Cantic. 1. 13. O thou desire of all Nations, and my Well-beloved, let not the breathings of my soul be ever satisfied, till thou art mine, and I am thine in an everlasting Communion.

Cantic. 4. 16. Let the North and South wind awake, and blow upon my garden, that the spices therof may flow out, and my Beloved may come into his garden, and eate his pleasant fruits in a spirituall banquet, to the satisfaction and refreshment of my hungring and thirsting soul after thy embraces.

S Mat. 5. 6.

Cantic. 5. 10. O thou white and ruddy with thy innocence and Passion, withdraw not thy self now my soul seekes after thee; seeing I have none in heaven but thee, and there is nothing on earth I desire in comparison of thee.

Psa. 73. 25.

O Lord,

O Lord, thou God of Truth, who haſt promiſed to be found of them that ſeek thee; yea, ſometimes who art found of them that ſeek thee not, by the infiniteneſſe of thy ſaving mercies, and out of the tender bowels of thy compaſſions to wretched ſinners: vouchſafe to be found of me a loſt ſinner in my ſelf, whom thou cameſt to ſeek, and who ſeeks thee ſorrowing for thoſe ſinnes, which hide thy face from me in diſpleaſure. 1 Chron. 28. 9. Eſa. 65. 1 S: Mat. 18. 11. Iſa. 59. 2.

Oh! let me ſeek thee as thou requireſt, and I ſhall then finde thee as thou haſt promiſed. S Mat. 7. 7, 8.

Lord, who forſakeſt not them that ſeek thee, let me not forſake thee when I have found thee; leſt thou forſake me, and caſt me off for ever in indignation. Ezek. 18. 24. 1 Chro. 28. 9.

Let me ſtopp the helliſh mouth of all temptations (though aſſailing me with moſt furious and ſubtle onſets, to raviſh my heart to their unlawfull embraces) with this holy reſolution, I have put off my Coat, how ſhall I put it on? I have waſhed my Feet, how ſhall I defile them? Cantic. 5. 3.

Oh! how can I be ſo ungratefully wretched, as to tread under foot the moſt precious blood of my moſt dear Redeemer, who has done ſo much for my ſoul, as to waſh me with it? Heb. 10. 29.

O merciſull Jeſu, who would not ſeek thee, that he may finde thee Salvation to himſelf? when otherwiſe his ſin will finde him out to his everlaſting deſtruction. Gen. 4. 7.

Oh! who would not love thee from the very ſoul, that he may ſeek thee? when if he ſeek thee not, thy ſoul will hate him. Prover. 13. 21. Zachar. 11. 8.

Oh! let me never ſo farre loſe my ſelf, as not to ſeek thee; oh! let me never ſo much hate my ſoul, as not to love thee.

My Lord, and my God, is it not reſt and comfort my S. Mat. 8. 28, 29.

ſoul would finde? whom then ſhould I ſeek but thee, who art the giver? is it not joy and glory my ſoul fights after? whom then ſhould I love but thee, who art my happineſſe?

Pſal. 119. 176. Lord, do thou ſeek me, that I may finde thee. Lord, let me finde thee, that I may enjoy thee.

O Jeſu, cloſe with my heart, which opens to thee; or elſe ſo open my heart, that thou maiſt cloſe with it. Kiſſe me, oh! kiſſe me with the kiſſes of thy mouth, for thy love is better then Wine.

Cantic. 1. 2.

Relinque omnes amores, Pulchrior eſt ille qui fecit Cœlum & terram. S. Aug. in Pſal. 39.

Lord, let me ſeek thee here, whil'ſt thou maiſt be found; that I may finde thee there, where thou canſt never be loſt. Amen.

Tantò inſtantiùs inventum tenebimus, quanto tardiùs, quem quærebamus, invenimus. Beda in Cant. cap. 3.

The Saints glory.

Pſalme 119. 80. *Let my heart be ſound in thy ſtatutes, that I be not aſhamed.*

Prov. 23. 26. O Lord, my heart it is thou calleſt upon me, to give unto thee; and I call upon thee, that I may give thee my heart: the gift thou doeſt command, and I deſire to be the giver; for it will never be mine own untill thou have it.

S. Luke 15. 17.

But, O my God, this I know, that I know not mine own heart, and if I offer a blind ſacrifice to thee,

Ier. 17. 9.

wilt

wilt thou accept it? my heart is a polluted heart, and can thine eyes behold it without indignation? my heart is a halting heart in the wayes of thy commandements, and is the lame accepted in thy preſence? yet, O Lord, I bring this blind, this polluted, this halting heart unto thee for a ſacrifice: it is blind, do thou enlighten it, it is polluted, do thou cleanſe it, it is halting, do thou rectifie it; make it ſuch a heart thou wilt accept off, O let it be but found in thy ſtatutes, and then I ſhall never be aſhamed, nor feare rejection. Mal. 1. 8.

My Lord, and my God, I feare I have a rotten heart; and I feare likewiſe that all its rottenneſſe cannot be knowne, for it is a heart deceitfull above meaſure; I cannot fathom it, I cannot ſound it: Lord thou art the heart-ſearcher, and onely thou; do thou both ſound it, and make it ſound: make it a new heart, an humble heart, a penitent heart, a fleſhy heart, a mollified heart, a broken heart, a contrite heart; a conſiderate heart, an obedient heart: a thankfull heart, a perfect heart, a heart according to thine own heart, and then it will be ſound indeed: oh! let my heart be ſound. 1 King. 8. 39. Prov. 17. 3. Ezek. 11. 19. Pſal. 101. 2.

O Lord, thou art a Spirit, and in ſpirit muſt be worſhipped, or elſe in truth thou canſt not; for without heart-ſervice what true ſervice can we render unto thee? what will it profit me to faſt from food, and feaſt on wickedneſſe? to chaſtiſe my body with ſackcloth and with aſhes, and to cloath my ſoul with raggs of vanity? will it carry me out to have a forme of godlineſſe, and not the power? to be a whited Sepulcher, full of rottenneſſe and dead mens bones? to be a faire-leav'd figgtree without fruite? to be an outward ſheepe, and S. Iohn 4. 23. Eſa. 29. 13. Eſa: 58. 3, 4, 5, 6. Ioel 1. 13. S. Mat. 23. 27. S. Mat. 21. 19. S Mat. 7. 15. § Mat. 27. 29, 30.

S. Mat. 26. 49. and an inward wolfe? to ſalute my B: Saviour with an *Ave rex*, and then to buffet him, or to betray him with a kiſſe, as *Judas* did? oh! my God, all this would make me but more loathſome in thine eyes of purity, though the heart-not-ſeeing eyes of man cannot diſcerne it: it is a double ſinne but to be ſeeme righteous: from all hypocriſie good Lord deliver me: let my heart, my heart be ſound in thy ſtatutes, or all is rotten.

O Lord, and my God, the Saints glory is a ſound and undefiled heart: of rotten hearted hypocriſie what can be the end but ſhame and confuſion without end for evermore? none will be ſo cloathed with ignominious bluſhing, as the * hypocrite, when his inſide ſhall be expoſed to publique view: the white Devill (for ſuch is the hypocrite) ſhall then be aſſigned to his black guard in the Kingdome of darkneſſe. How will he then in trembling agony ſupplicate the rocks and hills to bury him from his confuſion, but all in ¶ vain? for he that had eares and would not harken, when God did call to mercy, can he think to make them heare, who never had eares, to protect him from juſtice?

* ſee their Woes in the 23 of S. Mat. from our bleſſed Saviours own mouth. Revel 6. 16.

¶ Mortem querent & non invenient quia cum vita oblata fuit noluerunt accipere. S. Aug.

O my ſoul, tremble at this; and never give God over till he give thee integrity of heart, which knowes no ſhame.

O my God, let not my ſoul gaſp after this integrity without ſatisfaction: O give me an anſwer, may make me good, and ſtile thee gracious.

O Lord, if I deny thee before men, thou wilt deny me before Angels: and, O my God, what is a remedy againſt this direfull renunciation, but a ſound and upright heart? what but that can beare me out here alſo a-

S. Mat. 10. 33.

mong

mong ſo many perſecutions thy Saints figh under? yea, my God, thereby I ſhall not onely not be aſhamed to ſuffer for thy Name, but glory in my ſufferings for my Saviour Crucified: for who cannot but glory in that which brings him to it? Acts 24 16. Acts 5.41.

Therefore, oh! therefore let my heart be ſound in thy Statutes, that I may not onely not be aſhamed, but may glorifie thy Name, and ſo be glorifyed. Amen.

Nihil dedit Deo, qui dedit omnia ſine corde; omnia dedit Deo, qui nihil dedit niſi cor.

The ſure Anchre.

Pſalme 73. 28. *It is good for me to * cleave faſt to God, x to put my truſt in the Lord God.*

* Or, draw near.
x ſo reads the Vulgar Latine.

O Lord, who onely art the Anchor of my hope, and refuge of my ſoul in all extremities, how has my ſoul bin diſquieted with vexing vanities, or vain vexations of humane helps & ſublunary comforts, while it has bin toſſed with various waves in a Sea of troubles? O my ſoul, how comes this to paſſe? from whence proceede theſe perturbations? I feare me thou haſt too much looked downward on ſecondary meanes for thy releif and quiet, and haſt not principally and primarily looked upwards to the Author of all eaſe and conſolati-

on: let me call thee to account, O my ſoul, and judge thee, that thou beeſt not judged.

Knoweſt thou not, O my ſoul, that curſed is that man who makes the arme of fleſh his ſtrength, and truſts in man as in a Saviour? knoweſt thou not that they that ſeeke after ſtrange gods ſhall have great trouble? knoweſt thou not that vain is the helpe of man, if God do but puffe on his endeavours but with the leaſt breath of his diſpleaſure? knoweſt thou not that in a Wiſemans account all things under the Sunne are but vanity and vexation of ſpirit? knoweſt thou not that there is no caſting of ſure anchre in any haven but in Heaven? O my ſoul, ſeeing thou knoweſt it, ſteere thy courſe thither; for I find it, and by experience find it, that it is good for me to cleave faſt unto God, to put my truſt in the Lord God.

Ierem. 17. 5. Eſa. 2. 22.

Eccl. 1. 14.

O Lord, how ill does it goe with them, that think it not good to draw near unto thee? how cloſely doth miſerie cleave faſt to them, that cleave not faſt to thee, as their God and Saviour?

O Lord, I obſerve this in thoſe who cleave faſt unto their riches, as if riches were the *ſummum bonum*, the onely good; and it was onely good for them to cleave faſt unto them. But, O my ſoul, knoweſt thou not, that godlineſſe is the greateſt gain, and not gain the greateſt godlineſſe? knoweſt thou not, that he who truſts in uncertain riches, is moſt certain to be deceived? remember what became of *Dives*. Knoweſt thou not that covetouſneſſe is baſe idolatry? could the * Heathenish Philoſopher ſay of his given-away Poſſeſſions, *Non eſſem ego ſalvus niſi iſti periiſſent*, I could not have been ſafe unleſſe they had periſhed, enlightned onely by the duskie twilight of dimm-eyed nature? and, O my ſoul, ſhall I by

1 Tim. 6. 6. Verſ. 17. S. Luk. 16. 23. Col. 3. 5.

* Anaxagoras. Crates alſo is ſaid to have caſt his goods into the Sea, ſaying, Abite peſſum malæ cupiditates, vos mergam, ne a vobis mergar.

I by Gods free and undeſerved mercy, ſublim'd unto Chriſtianity, think my ſelf a Caſtaway, unleſſe I cleave faſt to riches for my preſervation? when he was bid to regard his Countrey, could he point at heaven? and ſhall I, who am infalliby inſtructed, that we have no continuing Citie here below, take up my reſt in any thing on earth, as if I was not a Traveller to Heaven, as to my Countrey? O my God, what here below can afford me ſatisfaction or contentment? is not my ſoule immortall, and my fleſh too, by the vertue of thy glorious Reſurrection? and are not ſublunary things both vain and vaniſhing? am not I created after thy Image? and till I awake up after thy likeneſſe, ſhall I be ſatisfyed? no, no, I ſhall not, I ſhall not; it is good, and onely good for me to cleave faſt unto thee.

Heb. 13. 14.

Gen. 1. 27. Pſal. 17. 15.

O Lord, there are ſuch wicked men as have hardly thee ſo much as in their thoughts, they are ſo farre from cleaving faſt unto thee, as they think it not good ſo much as to take the firſt ſtep unto a union; as if the life and happineſſe of man did not onely conſiſt in union with thee.

O Lord, make me to think, and think often on thee, that I may love thee; that whenſoever I think upon ſuch wretches, I may deteſt and abhorre their Atheiſticall thoughts and imaginations.

Make me to love thee, that I may think often on thee: for *Ubi amor, ibi animus*, the love and the mind cannot bee parted: if I think upon thee and love thee, I cannot but cleave faſt unto thee, for Love is Union.

O my God, thou deſireſt no more of me but * love; let me never deſire leſſe of thee with teares and fervency; and make my life the beſt Commentary of my deſires: as it is good for me with my heart to cleave faſt unto thee;

* Love is the fulfilling of the Law. ſo the Apoſtle.

thee; oh! let it never go ſo ill with me, as to have a heart of Apoſtaſie to depart from thee the living God: * but as nothing will pleaſe thee but my heart, ſo let nothing pleaſe my heart but thee.

S. Aug. (ni male memini) giving the difference between the Law, and the Goſpel; gives it in theſe 2 words, timor & amor. By fear meaning a Legall, by love an Evangelicall obedience. ¶ Sicut nihil placet tibi niſi mecum, ſic nihil placet mihi, niſi tecum. S. Bern.

O Lord, where elſe can I caſt a ſure Anchre for my ſalvation? whom ſhould I truſt in, but in thee the Lord God, the God of Iſrael, as in my Saviour? while I make thee, my God, my hope, I cannot be comfortleſſe: and if I ſhould truſt in any thing elſe, my caſe were deſperate; in thee therefore is my hope, and there will I hold, whatſoever happen.

Satan, thou falſe-Accuſer of the Brethren, why do'ſt thou malicioufly endeavour to divide between God and my ſoul, to ſhake off my relyance on my God for heaven, for happineſſe? why do'ſt thou ſet a multiplying-glaſſe on my deformities, to ſwell them in mine eye above the greatneſſe of Gods mercies in Jeſus Chriſt? and then, why do'ſt thou inſinuate to perſwade me to perſwade my ſelf into deſperation, with theſe or ſuch like tragicall expreſſions, Can God look upon ſuch a vile Creature, as I have made my ſelf by ſinne, with an eye of mercie? Chriſt dyed indeed to ſave ſinners, but certainly I am none of thoſe ſinners that he dyed for. God would never, as it were, have caſt me into Hell alreadie, if he had intended me for heaven and glory.

Zach 3.2. S. Iude verſ. 9.

Satan, the Lord rebuke thee: even my God rebuke thee: ceaſe theſe thy ſoul-deſtroying deceits, and curſed blaſphemies; for I know whom I have truſted. I know that I have laid the foundation of my ſalvation there; where, maugre all thy malice, the gates of Hell cannot prevail againſt it. I know where I have caſt my Anchre; I have put my truſt in the Lord God, and I will cleave unto him: and then eſpecially, by his aſſiſtance, when

when thy helliſh Powers moſt violently aſſault my ſoul, to work a ſeparation from my Saviour: for, notwithſtanding all thy ſtratagems for my ruine, in the mercies of the moſt High I ſhall not miſcarry. I am in my Fathers hands, and it is not in thy limited power to pluck me out of them. I am ſo fully perſwaded of his merciſull goodneſſe in all his diſpenſations towards me, that though he kill me, yet will I truſt in him. And while I truſt in God, I cannot truſt thee, whom I know to be a Lyar from the beginning, and God to be true and juſt in all his promiſes; which I, even I, ſhall have my part in, for ought thou knoweſt to the contrary. And while I work out my ſalvation with fear and trembling, what need I fear it?

Pſal. 21. 7. S. Iohn 10. 29. Iob 13. 15. 2 Tim. 2. 13. Phil. 2. 12.

Doth not God aſſure me, that his mercie is over all his works? and ſhall I beleeve thee the father of lies, perſwading me Gods mercy is too ſhort to extend to me his Creature? his penitent Creature? his beloved Creature? my ſinnes in their higheſt elevation can be but finite, but his mercies are the infinite mercies of an infinite God: and can circumſcription tranſcend infinitie? yea, his mercies are the ſuperabounding mercies of a moſt compaſſionate Father to me in Jeſus Chriſt, and if God juſtifies, who can condemne me? Does not God as it were deſire me to return unto him, that I may live and not die: that I may be ſaved, and not damned. And tell'ſt thou me, Satan, there is no returning for me to my Saviour, but that like *Cain*, I am an everlaſting Caſtaway from the favour of Gods preſence, as one devoted to eternall perdition?

Pſal. 145. 9. Hoſea 11. 8. Rom. 8. 33, 34. Ezek. 18. ult.

Satan, I know thee too well to be a Deceiver, thus to deceive me with thy ſophiſtrie. How dareſt thou tell me I am none of thoſe ſinners that Chriſt dyed for? is not

S. Ioh. 8. 44.

the Charter of Grace Catholike? are not the tenders
1 Tim. 2. 4. and overtures of life and ſalvation in Chriſt Jeſus, univerſall? has not God declared, that he would that all men ſhould be ſaved, and come to the knowledge of the truth? doth not Chriſt make his Proclamation of a ge-
S. Mat. 11. 28. nerall Pardon to all burdened ſinners, without exception? Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavie laden, and I will eaſe you. Did not Chriſt die to expiate the ſinnes of the whole world, and therefore mine, and mine likewiſe effectually, except I refuſe his grace and mercy: except I love my ſinnes better then my Saviour, and deny to come to his gracious call for eaſe and comfort? And who told thee I would refuſe the offers of grace and mercie in Jeſus Chriſt, and that for ever? When became you ſuch a Privie-counſellor in the reſerved ſecrets of Gods eternall prædeſtination, as to ſee me regiſtred in the black book of reprobates? this I know, that though for the preſent I ſhould refuſe Gods grace, &
Ephes. 4. 30. grieve his Spirit; yet the long-ſufferance of God is, as it
Rom. 2. 4. were, a hand lent from heaven, to lead me to repentance and amendment: and that the ſacred impulſes of Gods holy Spirit are not ſeldome, but often hammering on my heart with importunitie, to make it contrite. Know I
2 Cor. 12. 9. not that the grace of God is ſufficient for me? and that whenſoever it ſhall pleaſe his infinite goodneſſe (and his time muſt needs be the beſt time) to make it work more powerfully upon my heart, to turn me to him, he has his armes of mercy open to embrace me? to keep me as well from thy temptations, Satan, as to fill me with the everlaſting pleaſures of his preſence.

O my God, to theſe everlaſting arms of thy boundleſſe mercies, now therefore do I flie for ſupport and comfort. Oh! ſhut them not to me, but entertain me;

who

who open my heart to thee, to entertain thee: Oh! receive my soul with compassionate embraces, which finding no footing in this worldly Sea of perturbations, flies to the Ark of thy gracious favour for ease and rest.

Lord, I draw neare unto thee; Lord, I cleave fast unto thee; Lord, I put my trust in thee: oh! let me never forsake thee, and then I shall never be forsaken. Amen.

Domine, quocunquè me verto, nisi ad te converto, miser sum.

Fecisti nos, Domine, ad te, et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te. S. Aug. lib. 1. Confess. cap. 1.

Domine, sic timeam ut non præsumam; sic confidam ut non desperem.

Love without parallell.

S. Luke 2.11. *Unto you is born, this day, in the Citie of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*

O Lord, most mightie, O God most mercifull, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who didst so love the world, as to give thine onely-begotten Sonne for mans redemption, make me to answer thy love with such

S. Ioh. 3.16. 1 Iohn. 4.19. S. Mat. 8.20.

such affection, that his becoming the Sonne of man,
S. Joh. 1. 12. may make me become the Sonne of God.

Oh! open my heart to entertaine him: oh! give me
Rom. 8. 16. power to receive him for my Saviour, and then thy Spirit will testifie unto my spirit, that I am thy child, and that, through him, thou art my Father.

O mercifull *Jesu*, let thy never-enough-to-be-admired condescension in the participation of our flesh by a
S. Iob 3. 6, 8. corporeall birth, work in my heart the participation of the Holy Ghost by a spirituall regeneration.

As thou wert borne for me, so be borne in me; that
S. Luk. 2. 10, 11, 12. the Angels sermon at thy Nativity, may be my comfort.
S. John 3. 19. Oh! let it never be my deserved condemnation with the world of reprobates, that after the manifestation, and such a manifestation of so great a Light, I should love darkness. Lord, though thine infinite wisdome, and immensurable love, did send thy Sonne, thine onely Sonne, thine onely-begotten Sonne, as a spectacle of admiration to men and Angells, to redeeme what was lost, from Hell and horrour: yet from whence proceeds this thy incomprehensible goodnesse to give him to mankind for their redemption? were there not other lost sheepe as well as they did need a Saviour? did not the Apostate Angells, more noble creatures
§ Iude vers. 6. then the corrupted Progeny of sinfull *Adam*, lie reserved in everlasting chaines under darkness, unto the judgment of the last day? would not the birth of a Jesus have bin as good tidings of great joy to them as us?
Heb. 2. 16. and yet, behold, *Nusquam Angelos*, the nature of Angells is past by without regard, and the seed of *Abra-*
Gen. 18. 17. *ham* taken by thy eternall Sonne for mans redemption: the Apostate Angells are left to an eternity of suffering, without recovery; and wretched mankind, but dust

and

and aſhes, are reſtored unto the glorious liberty of the Sonnes of God, to be coheires with Chriſt in glory. The Angels have no Commiſſion to preach to them redemption from captivity; but unto us, ungrien, poore wretched mortalls, weake, ſinfull creatures, is borne a Saviour which is Chriſt the Lord.

Rom. 8. 17, 21.

Qui incitatorem habuit ad malum, non injuſtè reparatorem habuit ad bonum. Diabolus vero, &c. § Auguſt. de mir. ſacræ ſcript. Vide Magiſt. ſenten. lib. 2. diſt. 21. lit. E, F, G.

O my ſoul, conſider this with profound and frequent meditation; and conſidering admire, and admiring be raviſht with the height, and depth, and length and bredth of this Non-parallell love of Chriſt; or rather, this love whoſe infiniteneſſe knowes no dimenſive circumſcriptions: of this unſpeakable goodneſſe of thy Redeemer, which paſt by the very Angells for thy redemption.

Oh! what was in thee, which could perſwade him ſo to love thee? oh! what is not in him, that ſhould not perſwade thee for to love him?

Deut. 9. 5. Cant. 1. 16. Cant. 5. 10, &c.

Yea, my ſoul, if the incomparable excellencies of thy Redeemer were not ſufficient to raviſh thee with love, yet the bond of gratitude cannot but tie thee to him everlaſtingly.

1 Cor. 6. 20.

For thus breath forth thy thoughts, O my ſoul, in a pious expoſtulation; and then ſee if thou canſt do otherwiſe, then love thy loving Saviour by reflexion.

Qui per alium cecidit, per alium non incongruè habuit remedium. § Aug but the goodneſſe of God is that we muſt in this caſe admire. ſee B Andrews ſermon, Heb. 2. 16. Ezek. 16. 6.

Were there not as well Apoſtate Angels, as wretched mortals? did not they lie guilty of the ſame eternall death, as everlaſting objects of Gods diſpleaſure? & ſtood they not in the ſame neceſſity of a mercifull and powerfull Saviour for their deliverance? and yet did not Chriſt my Saviour paſſe by them in juſtice, and looke on me in mercy? did he not leave them for ever in an incapacity of reſtauration to joy and happineſſe? and did he not cloath the eternall ſplendour of his incom-

prehensible Divinitie in the inglorious raggs of frail mortalitie, even so farre as to be obedient to the death of the Crosse for thy redemption? to buy thee dearly from death to life, and from shame to glory; from the everlasting societie and tortures of damned spirits, to a beatificall union and communion with himself for evermore? and, O my soul, dar'st thou be so basely ingratefull, as not to melt into thankfulnesse, and obedience to such a Saviour? how canst thou but love him, who so freely loved thee, when thou were his enemie? how canst thou ever answer the despising of the inestimable riches of such free and undeserved mercies? of such most wondefull love and kindnesse, surpassing both expressions & understanding? O my soul, was God born for thee, that thou might'st die to sinne, and live to him, and live with him? and wilt thou live in sinne, to kill that soul, for which he dyed? did he love thee so well, polluted in thy blood, as to preferre thee before the Apostate Angells, that thou shouldst so farre hate him, and thy selfe, as to embrace the service of *Lucifer*, and his rebellious train, before his dictates? canst thou be such a prodigious Monster of ingratitude unto thy God, and such an inhumane murtherer unto thy self? O my soul, pitie thy self, whom thy Saviour so much lov'd and pitied. Neglect not so great salvation, lest the joyfull tydings of Christs Nativitie, be occasionally the meanes of thy greater miseries; and those wounds which he received to plead thy pardon, open their mouthes to thy more shamefull confusion.

Philip. 2. 8.

1 John 4. 10. Rom. 8. 39.

Isa. 42. 6. 7. & Luk. 19. 42, 44.

But, O my Jesu, who wast given to be a light unto the Gentiles, and to open the eyes of the blind, let not such a cursed darknesse cloud my soule, as not to see and know the day of my visitation.

Oh! let not thy approaching ſo neare unto me, be an occaſion of an everlaſting ſeparation.

Let not the hardneſſe of my heart, in holding out the violent batterings of ſo great love and kindneſſe to entertain thee, be a means to make thee the more deteſt me. Heb. 12. 2.

O thou Author and Finiſher of our Faith, who were manifeſted in the fleſh to deſtroy the works of the Devill; let not Satan ſo farre deceive my heart, as to make his work the more to proſper in me by thy manifeſtation. 1 Ioh. 3. 8.

But as thou didſt live in my fleſh, to dy for my ſinnes; ſo let me die unto ſinne, that I may live by thy death.

Lord, what wonders doſt thou worke for mans redemption? what riddles are involved in thy myſterious Nativitie? Eternitie begins to be in time. He that was born ſpiritually before all worlds without a Mother, is born corporally in the world without a Father. He takes his beginning from his mother, and yet a Virgin, from whom ſhe had Originall. Immenſitie is contracted into a ſpanne. There is no place for him, without whom there is no place for any. The eternall Word lies ſpeechleſſe. The Lord of glory is put to Rack and Manger, in an inglorious manner, with horſe and Oxen. He is ſubject unto his Parents, who is the everlaſting Father, to whom both they, and all the world do owe obedience. He who knew no ſinne, is made ſinne for us. The Lord of Life dies to kill death. Oh! what ſtrange contrarieties do meet and kiſſe by thy Nativitie? Lord, what wonders doſt thou work for mans redemption? 1 Tim. 3. 16. Eſa. 53. 8. S Luke 3. 23. S. Mat. 1. 23. S. Luk. 2. 7. S. Iohn 1. 1. 1 Cor. 2. 8. S. Luke 2. 12. Verſ. 51. Iſa. 9. 6. 2 Cor. 5. 21. Act. 3. 15.

O my ſoul, what but the zeal of the Lord of Hoſts would, or could have wrought theſe Miracles for thy deliverance? Eſa. 9. 7.

And, O my Jeſu, as theſe things are marvellous in mine eyes by contemplation, ſo make them powerfull S. Mat. 21. 42. Pſa. 118. 23.

on my heart, to returne the most accepted sacrifice of true obedience.

1 Sam. 15. 22. Rom. 8. 32. *O Iesu, dedisti te pro me, ut reddidisses me tibi: si me solùm reddidisses mihi, potui me tibi denuò; at cùm te mihi, quid tibi reddam? Etenim si non possum, quantum debes, amare; ultra quod possum, si possim, vellem; & si minus reddo: quia minor sum, quia tamen totâ animâ diligo, nihil deest. S. Bern. Revel. 15. 3.

Holy Father: seeing thou hast given thy Sonne unto me, and with him all things; how can I give* lesse then my soul, and whatsoever else belongs unto me, to thy Majestie?

Yea, my God, the giving of my self unto thee, is the receiving of thy Sonne to be my Saviour.

O my soul, what canst thou render unto the Lord for all his benefits bestowed upon thee? oh! what canst thou return to thy most mercifull Saviour, for the most unspeakable mercie of his Incarnation?

I do acknowledge, though I had the tongues of men and Angels, tun'd with the perpetuall Halleluiahs and Magnificats, they were not sufficient but even to shadow forth the greatnesse of such incomprehensible goodnesse to the sonnes of men.

Oh! what is wanting in the praises of my tongue, make up in the realitie of my heart, and I shall be accepted by thee, thou King of Saints.

O God, thou God of Order, what though thy blessings toward us ought to be had in continuall remembrance? and my whole life is too little to magnifie thy Name for the least of thy mercies? yet ought not thy extraordinary benefits be more then ordinarily celebrated in the congregations of thy Saints, on those* very times and seasons they were conferred? seeing this day was born to me a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, that God so farre condescended as to debase himself unto my flesh; shall, yea, ought not I, laying aside all avocations of my minde from pious thankfulnesse, chiefly and wholy sanctifie it, by raising my soul to magnifie my Saviour, in so farre debasing himself for my exaltation?

*Exod. 12. 14, 15, 16, 17, 24, 25, 26, 27. Exod. 13. 3. Esther 9. 21, 22, 27. 1 Maccab. 4. 59 & Ioh. 10. 22. quod festum licèt non ab

O thou

O thou glory of Iſrael, let me never ſtain my ſoul with ſuch deep ingratitude, as not to commemorate the unſpeakable benefits of this joyfull day to wretched mortals, with a ſpeciall and ſutable ſacrifice of thankſgiving, without which the inſufferable horrour of a perpetuall night had made me miſerable.

The Cœleſtiall quire of Angels, when one among the reſt had had the honour to preach the Sermon of Chriſts Nativitie, did ſing their Antheme, even *Gloria in excelſis*, keeping holy-day; and as my prayer is, ſo let my practice be, to do thy Will on earth as it is in Heaven.

Let not the Prophanation of ſome mens ingratefull gratitude, who turn the grace of God into laſciviouſneſſe, and give others too much occaſion to degrade this day from its wonted Majeſtie; deterre my ſoul from paying the due tribute of an extraordinary thankfulneſſe in its choyceſt opportunity.

Yea, let it rather advance the fervour of my devotion, that ſeeing my good workes, they may likewiſe glorifie thee our heavenly Father, for thine infinite mercies.

O Lord; this day ſalvation came into the world; oh! let it this day come into my ſoul, for my joy and comfort.

Though there was no place for my Saviour in the Inne, let him never want a room in my heart for his entertainment.

O *Jeſu*, my Saviour, as thou didſt joyn my fleſh to thy Divinity, in the indiſſoluble marriage of an Hypoſtaticall Union; ſo joyne my ſpirit unto thee with an everlaſting love: that my affections may be ſpiritualiz'd by thy Incarnation.

And then I ſhall never want a tongue or heart to ſing

ipſo Deo præſcriptum, ſed a Iudaicâ Eccleſia conſtitutum, ipſe Chriſtus ſuâ decoravit confirmavitq; præſentiâ. Porro contrariorum eadem eſt ratio. Si ergo jejunium anniverſarium menſis 4: ob Hieroſolimam captam. Menſis 5: ob Templi everſionem. Menſis 7. propter mortem Gedaliæ. Menſis 10 in memoriam obſidionis inceptæ in Hieroſ. quorum meminit Zachar. 8. 19. & hæc etiam non Divino ſed Eccleſiaſtico præcepto conſtituta: quorſum feſtivis ac anniverſariis ſolennitatibus memoriam beneficiorum ſuorum Deo non dedi-

with holy Angels, Glory be to God on High, on earth peace, good will to men. Amen.

caremus, ne tandem, ut S. Aug. de civit. Dei lib. 10 cap. 4. in nos obriperet ingrata, oblivio? but this by the way; this controverſie would ſwell a Volume, and muſt not ſteal into Meditations.

Quis iſtam naturam peccando polluere t, quam Deus ipſe in perpetuum ſibi aſſumpſit connubium?

Chriſts Paſſion is our Compaſſion.

Lament. 1. 12. **Behold, and ſee, if there was ever ſorrow like my ſorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger.*

*This place is underſtood literally of the lamentable condition, and miſerable ſufferings of the City of Ieruſalem, and State of the Iews: but allegorically the ancient Fathers have applyed it to Chriſt ſuffering on the Croſſe; whom here I follow in that acceptation.

O Jeſu, my Saviour, how is my ſoule divided between admiration and compaſſion, when thy Croſſe is the object of my Meditations? I admire thy love, I compaſſionate thy ſufferings. Such love as knowes no parallel, ſuch ſufferings as are as well beyond expreſſion, as example.

My God, my Jeſu, me thinks I ſee thee with the eyes of my ſoule, now hanging upon the curſed tree, with bleeding head, with goarie face, with languiſhing eyes, with gaping wounds, with board hands & feet ſtreaming down purple blood; and in this woefull caſe, this ruthfull plight, crying out from the Altar of thy Croſſe to regardleſſe paſſengers, Ho, is it nothing to all you that paſſe

paſſe by? behold, and ſee, if there be any ſorrow like unto my ſorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger.

My God, my Jeſu, thou crieſt, I anſwer, I am no regardleſſe paſſenger: I will never increaſe thy ſufferings by diſregard, though I can never regard thee according to the value of thy ſufferings: I fixe mine eyes upon thee fixt upon the Croſſe, and as well as my teares will ſuffer me, behold thee ſuffering, and withall conſider that there was never ſorrow like thy ſorrow, becauſe there was never any offence like my ſin; and if I look not up more often to behold thee on thy Altar, it is becauſe thy ſorrows are too great a ſpectacle of wo for my ſad heart. I would behold thee more, but cannot: what I can, I doe. I do behold thee Crucified, a Crucified Chriſt, a bleeding Saviour: and beholding, ſee, and ſeeing do conſider, thou art my joy, thou art my ſorrow. Thou art my ſorrow, to ſee my ſelf ſo ſinfull, as to make thee wofull; thou art my joy, to ſee thee ſuffer to make me righteous. Thou art my ſorrow, to ſee thee cloath'd with blood and wounds; thou art my joy to ſee that blood cloath me with innocence. Thou art my ſorrow, to ſee thee Crown'd with ſhame; thou art my joy, to ſee thy ſhame Crown me with glory. S. Mat. 27. 29.

My God, my Jeſu, what can I do leſſe then make that an Agony to me, which was an Agony to thee? ſhould not I lament thoſe ſinnes that made thee ſuffer? art thou a bleeding Saviour? and ſhall not I be a weeping ſinner? can I ſee thee ſo tender-hearted, ſo full of the bowels of thy compaſſion, as to be wounded for my tranſgreſſions, to heale me and them? and ſhall I be ſo hard-hearted, of ſuch a rockie breaſt, as not to bleed over again thoſe wounds I gave thee? Iſa. 53. 7.

O bleſ-

O blessed *Jesu*, can I but love thee suffering, who did'st love thy sufferings for my sake? yea, how can I but even fall in love with sufferings for thy sake, if it so please thee to call me to them, who wer't so pleased to joy in sorrowes for my redemption? what can I think enough to do or suffer for thee, who both didst, and suffered so much for me? give I cannot; restore I may: even my life is thine, by a double right; as thou art my Creator, as thou art my Saviour. And I do but pay what I owe, if I die for thee, who didst die for me; but that high honour is not bestowed upon all, to be holy Martyrs for thy name: yet all must martyr themselves as they may, to see thee a sacrifice for the sinnes of the whole world; they must crucifie themselves, who crucified their God; and put to death those sinnes, which put to death the Lord of life.

* Quia fecisti me, ergo me tibi debeo; nunc autem me renovâsti, quantum? S. Bern.

Act. 3. 15.

My God, my Jesu, this is thy command: this is my desire: what can I well desire more? what can I well do lesse? if I have not a heart of rock, a heart of Adamant, this will mollifie it; this will melt it: he, whom the consideration of a crucified Christ, a bleeding Saviour, cannot worke upon to true contrition, is given over to hardnesse of heart, and reprobation, not letting that perswade, which should command us to Faith and Charity.

S. Mat. 27. 29. Act. 2. 37.

For, O my Jesu, can I be such an hard-hearted wretch, as to see thee crowned with thornes, and not be prickt to the heart with true compunction? yes, I may, alas! I may, such strong hearts have we sometimes, yea, alwayes without thy grace, it is acknowledged: but O my God, who suffered so much for me, suffer not this in me: can I chuse but be troubled with those sinnes, that trouble thee even to the death? didst thou sweat great

great dropps of blood in a dolorous Agony? and ſhall not I in anguiſh of heart repay thee the tribute of a few poore teares? wert thou *Vir dolorum*, a man of ſorrows, exceeding ſorrowfull, and that in ſoul, and that too with the burden of my ſinnes? and ſhall not my ſoul be exceeding ſorrowfull? didſt thou, O bleſſed Jeſu pray, and pray ſo paſſionately, to have the bitter cup removed, if ſo had bin thy Fathers will? and ſhall not I pray as fervently as is poſſible, to remove thoſe ſinnes from me, which made thee drink it? didſt thou drink gall and vineger? and ſhall I feel no bitterneſſe of ſpirit? did thoſe who ſaw thee ſuffer, and perhaps thought not for their ſinnes, returne and ſmite their breſts? and ſhall not I be ſmitten to the heart, who do beleeve my ſinns did cauſe thy ſufferings? yea, the Heavens themſelves put on a mourning garment, as it were to ſympathize with thee, the God of nature, and ſhall I ſhew leſſe ſenſe of thy ſorrowes then inſenſible creatures? them it concerns not; mine is the benefitt, let the compaſſion be mine alſo.

§ Luk. 22. 44. Eſa. 53. 3. § Mat. 26. 38. Verſ. 39. Pſal. 69. 21. S. Mat. 27. 34. 48. S. Luk. 23. 48. S. Mark. 15. 33.

O *Jeſu*, my Saviour, if I own not thy Paſſion by compaſſion, thou wilt never owne me for one of thy redeemed ones: and how can I be compaſſionate, except I love thee? and how can I but love thee above all things, who didſt love me above all things, even better then thy ſelfe, by dying for mee: without this compaſſionate love or loving compaſſion, I loſe all my intereſt in thee, and in thy ſufferings: but oh! what a feaſt of Jubilee, what a boundleſſe Sea of comfort and conſolation is in a Chriſt crucified, if once he love and be beloved?

Cantic. 2. 16.

O my ſoul, love him, and thou canſt not loſe thy labour: 'tis that he doth expect, 'tis that he doth, as

it were, sue for at thy hands. See how his arms, his arms of love, his arms of mercie, are stretcht wide upon the Crosse, to receive thee, to embrace thee: oh! refuse not so great kindnesse, lest in wrath thou be refused for refusing. Let never such a deep tincture of black ingratitude stain and pollute thee, as to forsake thy Saviour, who did so farre suffer for thee, as to be forsaken of
S. Mat. 27. 46. God, that thou mightest be united to him, and that for ever.

2. Tim. 2. 12. My God, my Jesu, seeing I cannot reign with thee, except I suffer with thee in some sort or other, in act or
2 Tim. 3. 12. will; oh! let me not rather lose a Crown, then gain it by a Crosse. Make me to look up to thee the Author and Finisher of my Faith, and then I cannot but despise
Heb. 12. 2. the shame to attain the glory. Make me conformable to thee in thy sufferings, that I may be conformable to
Phil. 3. 10. thee in thine exaltation. Make me die to sinne, as thou diedst for sinne, and hate that sinn that made thee suffer.

Col. 3. 3, 4. Live in me, O my Jesu, and then thy death will be life unto me: then thy sorrows will be as well my joy, as my compassion: then thy shame will be my glory: then thy Crosse will be my Crown.

Grant this, O blessed Jesu, for thine onely merits. Amen.

O! quanta fuit amaritudo peccati mei, ad quam tollendam necessaria fuit amaritudo tanta?

O Jesu, tecum moriar, ut tecum vivam.

Easter

Eaſter day is the Chriſtians Jubilee.

S. Matthew 28.6. *He is riſen.*

O Jeſu, my Saviour, what ſweet refreſhings comfort my ſoul this glorious morning? O, how it ſwells with joy, to ſee thee riſe in triumph? Good-Friday made me hang down my head with ſorrow, to ſee thee my Saviour bow down thy Head upon the Croſſe, to render up the ghoſt; but this joyfull day, made more glorious by thy triumphant Reſurrection, doth raiſe my head, doth raiſe my heart, to joy, to Jubilee: and my tongue cannot but tune my thoughts in joyfull acclamations, with This is the day which the Lord hath made, I will rejoyce and be glad in it. My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed, I will ſing and give praiſe. Pſal. 118. 24. Pſal. 57. 7.

O my Jeſu, thou art riſen, from death to life, from ſhame to glory; riſe heart, thy God is riſen, thy Chriſt is riſen: riſe, and lay hold upon life it ſelf: riſe, to mount up unto that glory: riſe, and raiſe up thy praiſes to the higheſt, for now thy God is in his exaltation. Dejected looks, and penſive hearts become not the face of Eaſter day's ſolemnities. *Mary Magdalene* wept not after ſhe had found her Saviour riſen: joy did more then raviſh her tranſported ſpirits, then ſorrow could before

caſt down her heart. He that beleeves a Reſurrection, cannot but rejoyce that Chriſt is riſen.

O my ſoul, me thinks thou art not early enough at thy devotions of prayer, of praiſes. Thy Saviour is riſen and up before thee, and is knocking at thy door to riſe, as well in thee, as from the grave: to tell thee ſuch joyfull tydings as never before ſaluted forlorn mortalls: ſuch news as deſerves thy beſt attention, and greateſt thankfullneſſe; that now thou mayſt ſmile upon death and the grave, and ſay unto them, O death, where is thy ſting? O grave, where is thy victory? and then acknowledge ſo great a gift, ſo good a giver, with, Thanks be to God which giveth this victorie through Jeſus Chriſt.

1 Cor. 15. 55.

Verſ. 57.

O my Jeſu, thou art my life, thou art my happineſſe; and can I but rejoyce at the triumph of my life, & happineſſe? can I do leſſe then return thee immortall praiſes for beſtowing on my bodie immortalitie, among other benefits, by thy glorious riſing from the grave? yea, and on that * day too eſpecially, that day of dayes, that Queen of feaſts, whereon ſuch benefits were given me, did not the earth it ſelf, of all Elements moſt heavie, even ¶ dance, as it were, for joy the glorious morning of thy riſing? and ſhall my heart be more dull, more heavie, more ſtupid, more in-apprehenſive then the Earth's, in the ſolemnization of ſuch a mercie? a mercie that muſt raiſe thee, O my ſoule, to thankſgiving here, or elſe it will never raiſe thee to glory hereafter.

* S. Aug Ep. 118 ad Ianuarium. S. Greg. Nazian. Orat. 1. in Paſcha. Conſtan: Mag: in Epiſt. ad omnes Eccleſ. Euſeb de vitâ Conſtant. lib. 3. But for plenary ſatisfaction in this particular I referre you to the Magazine of learning, Biſh. Andrews in his Eaſter day ſermon upon 1 Cor 11. 16.

¶ S. Mat. 28. 2.

It is true, my ſoul, thou muſt keep Eaſter all the year-long; yea, the whole term of thy pilgrimage, by a continued dying unto ſinne, and living unto God: yet except thou doſt celebrate ſuch a tranſcendent mercie,

by

by ſome more ſolemne commemoration on the very day of its bequeathing. I tell thee (though none elſe beſide, for God forbid I ſhould bee an Uſurper of Chriſts tribunall) I ſhould ſuſpect thee for an Hypocrite: for thou art perſwaded, that Eaſter day is the Chriſtian Jubilee.

And it is ſo indeed; but not except *Quod in more celebratur in moribus exprimitur*: or take my word for it, he keeps not Eaſter, that does not expreſſe the matter of the Feaſt in the manner of his life: except he riſe from the death of ſinne to the life of righteouſneſſe; Chriſts riſing will never raiſe him to glory: but he muſt to his Lord be merciſull to me a ſinner, and bewaile his ſinnes with true contrition, or elſe the morning of a glorious Reſurrection will never dawn upon him. True it is he ſhall riſe; and that by vertue of the benefit of Eaſter day, but onely riſe ſo as to fall for ever. S. Greg. ni fallor; or S. Chryſ.

O my ſoul, conſider this and tremble: and pray, and ſigh to have thy part in the firſt reſurrection, that thou maiſt be bleſſed in the ſecond. Revel. 20. 6.

O my Jeſu, who didſt die for my ſinnes, and roſe againe for my juſtification, adde this unto thy triumph to lead me captive with captivitie, that I may be free for ever. Rom. 4. 25.

O Orient from on high, O Sonne of righteouſneſſe, ſhine on my ſoule with thy everlaſting beames of mercy, that my ſinnes may vaniſh with the life-giving ſplendour of thy preſence. S. Luk. 1. 78.

My God and Saviour, who didſt riſe for me, riſe in me likewiſe; that by the vertue of thy Reſurrection I may not onely riſe from death to life,

(which all shall do, as well reprobates as Saints) but that with thee I may rise from death to glory, to sing among the Celestiall Quire of glorious Angels eternall
Revel. 19. 1. Halleluiahs unto thy Name. Amen.

Si omnem dierum devotionem erasit Apostolus, cur Pascha celebramus annuo circulo? Tertul. in Col. 2. 16.

Expirare possum, desperare non possum, resurrexit Christus.

Mori non metuo, quia Christus revivit, & mihi vita est.

The Ascension of Christ is the exaltation of a Christian heart.

Acts 1. 9. *He was taken up, and a Cloud received him out of their sight.*

O *Jesu*, my Saviour, who art the inestimable treasure of my heart, and should be its onely treasure; what do I here grovelling on the Earth, when thou art ascended above the highest Heavens?

Thou didst descend for my redemption, O! let thy Ascension be my glorification.

O *Jesu*, thou art ascended, and I sigh for thee; as thou

thou wert taken up by thy Aſcenſion; ſo let thy Aſcenſion take up my thoughts and meditations.

For where the body is, there will the Eagles, the ſonnes of ſublime and piercing contemplation, be gathered to thee; to feed on thoſe moſt raviſhing dainties the comfort of thy glorious preſence affords unto them. S Luk. 17. 37.

How could I evidence my ſelf to be a lively member of that myſticall body, whereof thou art the Head, if the tranſcendent glory of thy Aſcenſion was not the joyous exaltation of my heart.

My God, my Saviour, the apprehenſion of the ſubſtraction of thy corporeall preſence did ſit heavy on the Apoſtles hearts; but nothing ſits ſo heavy on my heart, as that, me thinks, I cannot lift it up unto thee whether thou art aſcended, with that height of fervency and devotion, as may wholly tranſport it with the unſpeakable delights of thy ſpirituall preſence. S. Iohn 16. 6.

O Lord, ſet my affections on things above, and not on things below: to humble my ſoul, that I may raiſe my heart to aſcend unto thee. Col. 3. 2.

Oh! keepe it there when it is with thee; for when I lift it up, alas! my God, 'tis too ſoone downe againe.

O Lord, proceeds not this from the weight of ſinne which does ſo eaſily beſett us, while we are cloathed with theſe walls of ſinfull fleſh? is not this the Law in my members warring againſt the law of my minde, impriſoning my ſoul in a ſad captivity? oh! wretched man that I am who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death? Who ſhall? my Saviour is aſcended, and I will after him: oh! that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I flee away and be at reſt. Heb. 12. 1. Rom. 7. 23, 24. Pſa. 73. 25.

O thou deſire of all Nations, and of every gracious heart, what deſerves either my affections or mine eyes

in

S. Mat. 6. 21. in this valley of teares, now thou art aſcended with moſt glorious triumph into the Heavens? ô where my treaſure is, there let my heart be alſo.

O Lord, mine enemies, mine enemies lay waite for my ſoul, and would ſtopp my heart in its aſcenſion to thee; but my comfort is, thou art above them.

Make me to follow thee in the imitable ſtepps of thy humility; and then, maugre all the malice of mine enemies, the vertue of thy Aſcenſion will be my glory.

S Luk. 24. 26. My Lord, and my God, didſt not thou ſuffer before thou didſt enter into glory? and ſhall I expect to be glorious without ſufferings? oh! * here torture, here martyr me, ſo I may but reigne with thee hereafter.

* Domine, hic cruci, hic ſeca, modò in æternum parcas. S. Aug.

To come to Heaven by the gates of Hell will mak't more welcome.

Gal. 6. 14. Make me to rejoyce in nothing but thy Croſſe, and then thy exaltation will be my Crowne.

O bleſſed *Jeſu*, thou haſt exalted humane fleſh by the triumphant ſublimity of thy Aſcenſion above Principalities and Powers, *Cherubins* or *Seraphins*, and cloath'd it with immortality and glory; let not this onely make my fleſh to reſt in hope, to enjoy the ſame ſpirituall priviledges, in a competent meaſure, though it ſhould undergo Millions of tranſmigrations after my diſſolution, but for the preſent raiſe me thither to thee in minde, whether as yet I cannot follow thee in body.

O Lord, though a Cloud did receive thy coporall preſence out of the languiſhing ſight of thy Apoſtles, let not the Clouds of my ſinns, or of thy diſpleaſure, withdraw the comfort of thy ſpirituall preſence from the eyes and apprehenſion of my minde.

O Lord, whiles the Heavens are open to receive thee, open my heart to entertain thee, and thy preſence

will make a heaven within my heart.

O Jeſu, my Saviour, thy glorious Aſcenſion hath open'd the Kingdome of Heaven to all Beleevers, whither thou art gone to prepare a place for them that love thee: oh! make me to prepare a place for thee in my heart, that thou maiſt prepare a place for me in the Heavens. 3. John 14. 2, 3.

O my Jeſu, now thou art aſcended, ſend the Comforter into my heart, and I ſhall never want thy preſence. Amen.

O mi Jeſu, cæleſtis tu es, nè ſim terrenus.

Domine, nè deſcendam, tu aſcendiſti.

Ah! quò non poſſum corpore, mente ſequar.

The gainfull Loſſe.

John 61. 7. *It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will ſend him unto you.*

O Jeſu, my Saviour, how mercifull art thou unto thy Church, thy redeemed ones ſo dearly purchaſed, who never denyeſt them, but to give them the more!

O Lord, let this teach me to ſee, that thy mercie is ſometimes more magnified in denying, then * granting the deſires of my heart; and that I am moſt heard in ſome requeſts, when I ſeem leaſt to be accepted.

O Jeſu, what Riddles are there in thy departure from among the Sonnes of men in mortall fleſh! in thy preſence is cordiall comfort: yea, what cordiall comfort is without thy preſence! and yet thy abſence onely can ſend thy Comforter unto thy Church.

O my God, whether thou be abſent, or preſent, be life unto me: let me live by faith, and then the Comforter will be my Comforter.

Lord, what is man that thou art mindfull of him? or the Sonne of man that thou ſo viſiteſt him? the whole Trinitie do's, as it were, ſo wait upon him for his glorification.

God the Father ſends his Sonne for to redeem him: God the Sonne is obedient to the death, even the death of the Croſſe for his redemption: God the Holy Ghoſt the Comforter, deſcends from Heaven into our ſouls, to make the redemption purchaſed by God the Sonne, effectuall, to bring us to the glory of God the Father.

* *Did not God grant the Iſraelites their requeſt, and withall ſend leanneſſe into their ſouls?* Pſa. 106. 15. *While the meat was yet in their mouthes, was not the wrath of God upon them? did not God give a King in his wrath?* Hoſea 13. 11. *for it is obſervable, that God doth oftentimes puniſh the importunity of hurtfull deſires with granting them. Was not S. Paul denyed ſeemingly, when God returned him an anſwer of the ſufficiency of his grace? oftentimes that very particular which Gods deareſt ſervants ask, is denyed them, and yet then alſo the deſires of their ſouls are heard and anſwered: for God ever grants the Petitions of his Saints, either* ad ſalutem *or* ad votum; *in generall alwayes, if not in particular: and then not in particular when it accords not to their generall prayers. See Saint Auguſt. Epiſt. de orando Deo; and worthy Hooker largely and learnedly in the* 48 *ſect.* 5. *Book Eccleſ. Polit.*

O my

O my God, what can my ſoul anſwer for it ſelf, if it neglect ſo great ſalvation?

O *Jeſu*, what diſciple of thine can be without a ſadned heart at thy departure? and yet who can but have a contented heart? ſeeing the loſſe of thy corporall preſence, is the gain of thy ſpirituall preſence, in a fuller meaſure, and more abundant tranſcendency: for in whoſe heart the Comforter doth dwell, there is thy manſion.

Lord, ſend thy Comforter into my ſoul; for diſconſolation and inward feares endeavour to incompaſſe me about on every ſide.

Lord, I know mine own weakneſſes and imperfections; I do acknowledge them, I do lament them, I ſtrive to conquer them.

Oh! give me the comfort of thy Spirit to ſupport me: oh! give me the conſtancy of thy free Spirit to eſtabliſh me: oh! give me the power of thy holy Spirit to help my infirmities, which elſe will prevaile againſt me to my ruine.

O my *Jeſu*, let me find the inward conſolation of the Comforter ſo raviſhing my ſoul with ſpirituall delights, that I may truly ſay, it was expedient for me to be without thee, to have him with me,

And yet thou art not abſent where he is preſent.

O *Jeſu*, my Saviour, thou art aſcended above the higheſt Heavens, and haſt ſent the Comforter unto thy Church; oh! let him abide with me, 'till he raiſe me to abide with thee for ever. Amen.

Quandoque negat Deus propitius, quæ dat iratus.
Solus non eſt, quem Spiritus inhabitat.

The first-fruits of the Spirit should dedicate us to God.

Acts 2. 1, &c. *And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.*
And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven, &c.

Rom. 8. 32. O Lord, how do we find it true by comfortable experience, that having given us thy Sonne, thou canst deny us nothing: for seeing thou didst send thy onely-begotten Sonne for mans redemption, it is no wonder thou didst send thy Holy Ghost for his sanctification.

O Lord, so sanctifie my heart, that I may dedicate my selfe, as also that day unto thee, in a more especiall and solemne manner, in which the first-fruits of thy blessed Spirit did sanctifie thy Church for its propagation.

O thou eternall Wisdome, who hast not onely created all things in weight and measure, but likewise dost dispose of them in time and order, teach us to possesse our soules with patience in the earnest expectation of thy promises, and think those seasons which thou hast

S. Luke 21. 19. Acts 1. 7.

put

put in thy owne power, whenſoever they happen, our opportunities.

O my ſoul, what though for the preſent thou mayſt be cloath'd in black and mourning garments? what though the want of a feeling apprehenſion of Gods Spirit within thee, doth ſwell thee with preſent terrours and diſconſolation? what though for the preſent thou ſeemeſt to walke in the ſhadow of death, not the leaſt glimpſe of a glorious Whitſunday dawning upon thee with joy and comfort? yet, O my ſoul, let not ſorrow ſit ſo heavy on thee, as to depreſſe thee to the fatall gulph of deſperation: preſcribe no time unto the infinite Wiſedome for thy relieſe, but waite with patience the happy houre of his life-giving preſence to appear at length with joy and comfort: think Gods time thy time, which needs muſt be the beſt, becauſe 'tis his: wilt thou be ſo vainely preſumptuous as to preſcribe a method to the onely Wiſe in his diſpenſations? or knoweſt thou what is better for thy ſelfe then the Omniſcient? *Quod differtur, non auferetur*: though the time ſeeme long, yet ſtill relie on him as thy God, & put thy truſt in him as thy Saviour: the Spirit as it bloweth where it liſteth, ſo it bloweth when it liſteth; and that *when* cannot be, till when God ſees good that the joyfull Feaſt of thy comfortable Pentecoſt ſhould be fully come.

Pſal. 23. 4.

Rom. 16. 27.

S. Ioh. 3. 8.

O mercifull Jeſu, who according to thy moſt true promiſe, didſt ſend the Holy Ghoſt the Comforter unto thy Apoſtles, when they were all with one accord in one place; make us of one minde and of one heart, that the Spirit of Unity may dwell among us.

Act. 4. 32.

O let not our ſchiſmes and diviſions ſo grieve thy Spirit, as to force him to ſome other habitation.

Epheſ. 4. 30.

However, O Lord, though others pertinaciouſly

corrupt thy holy Church with leprous Hereſies, and rend thy ſeamleſſe Coat with curſed Schiſmes, let me keepe the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace; that that peace which thy holy Spirit can onely give, may unite me to thee.

S. Iohn 19. 23, 24. Epheſ. 4. 3.

O God the Holy Ghoſt the Comforter, who didſt deſcend from Heaven in the ſound of a mighty ruſhing wind, beat down the ſtrong holds that ſinne would fortifie it ſelf withall within my ſoul, with thy powerfull breathings, that my ſoul may become a ſacred Temple for thy Deity.

When I, my God, would quench the Spirit by my ſtupid negligence, or negligent ſtupidity, O let the Spirit, who bloweth where he liſteth, breathe upon my ſoul with his ſecret and ſacred inſpirations, to kindle and enliven the heavenly fire of Charitie within my heart. 1 Theſ. 5. 19.

O let me not reſiſt the gracious breathings of thy Holy Spirit upon my ſoul, for my converſion and ſanctification, leſt the furious breath of thy juſt diſpleaſure and indignation blaſt me unawares with everlaſting deſtruction.

O Lord, how are ſome men, like children, carryed away with the winde of every doctrine, which are but the belchings of ſtrange turbulent ſpirits! how ſick is their Religion of a trembling Palſie! O let the conſtant breathings of thy Spirit, the Spirit of truth, ſo fann my ſoule, that erroneous Doctrines may not ſeduce me, nor I be changed from conſtancy into a Changeling. Epheſ. 4. 14.

Let thy Spirit ſo lead me in the wayes of truth and unitie, that I may evidence my ſelf to be thy Child by a loving obedience to thy requirings.

O God the Holy Ghoſt, pleading in us, and for us, with groans unſpeakable, who didſt appear to the Apoſtles

ſtles in the ſhape of Cloven Tongues, ſo open my lips that my mouth may ſhew forth thy praiſe for ſo great a mercy. Pſal.51.15.

Oh! ſo plead in me, and for me, that I may not onely glorifie thee, but be glorified.

O Lord, ſome men have dividing tongues, and rend thy Heritage, ſow Tares of diviſion in thy Catholike Church; and, which is moſt to be lamented, would have theſe Cloven Tongues for their authoritie: little remembring, that thou, O God, art the God of Peace, and that thy Spirit, though in the ſhape of Cloven tongues, is the Spirit of unitie.

Teach them, and me, O Lord, to know, that theſe Cloven Tongues do teach us not to be ſilent, but open-tongued in the advancement of thy glory; which never can be done actively by Tongues divided, and dividing.

O God the Holy Ghoſt, who didſt bring true and heavenly light into the world, by deſcending upon the Apoſtles, not onely in the form of Cloven, but Fierie Tongues; oh! let it not be my condemnation to love darkneſſe rather then light, leſt my deeds ſhould be reproved. S.Ioh.3.19,20.

Oh! let me put on, yea, Lord, put thou upon me, the Armour of Light, the radiant graces of thy glorious Spirit, that I may walk in the day of the Goſpel, as a Childe of Light, and eſcape the Priſons of eternall darkneſſe. Rom.13.12.

O let me not preſume I am a partaker of thy bleſſed Spirit for my ſanctification, unleſſe I find him operative in my life and converſation; for thy bleſſed Spirit is a Light, and in whomſoever he is, he will be viſible. S.Mat.5.12.

O my God, how cold and chill for the moſt part is my devotion in prayers, in praiſes! O let this fire of thy

thy holy Spirit inflame my ſoul with celeſtiall zeale, kindle my affections with the love of thee, and ſo make my heart burne within me with holy deſires, that it may burſt forth into ſuch fervent ejaculations, as may
S.Mat.11.12. leave the clouds behind them, and take Heaven by ſacred violence to make it mine.

Revel.3.16. Oh! let me not be lukewarme in thy ſervice, for then I ſhall be a Caſt-away for ever.

O God the Holy Ghoſt, who in thy fierie deſcenſion on the Apoſtles, didſt ſit upon them, do not onely deſcend into my ſoul, but take up thy Manſion with me, till I ſhall be taken up to the everlaſting Manſions of joy and glory.

Oh! let me never ſit down in reſt, till thou ſit and reſt upon me.

1 Ioh.2.20. O Spirit of life, and truth, how weak, how wandring am I in frail mortalitie? oh! give me thy unction from above, which may teach me all things.

Iſa.11.2,3. Let thy ſeven-fold gifts and graces, infuſed into my
Revel.4.5. heart by thy deſcenſion, raiſe me to a joyfull Sabbath of eternitie. Amen.

Quid mirum ſi Spiritus Sanctus è cœleſti mittitur curiâ ad ſanctificandum, cùm Filius miſſus fuerat ad genus humanum liberandum?

The

The thankfull Heart, or the Heart after Gods own Heart.

S. Chryſoſt. (I take it) cals David a man after Gods own heart, among other reaſons, for his ſpeciall thankfulneſſe.

Pſal. 16. 12. *what ſhall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits done unto me?*

O Lord the Father of lights, from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift upon the children of men, beſides thoſe common benefits of thy undeſerved mercies, how ſignall have thy favours bin to me in particular! Iam. 1. 17.

O what is man that thou art ſo mindfull of him? or what am I, that thou ſhouldſt ſo regard me? Pſa. 8. 4.

O thou Creator and Governor of all things in Heaven and Earth, where ſhall I begin to enumerate thy innumerable mercies which extend to eternity? Gen. 1. 1.

Lord, was I not ſomething in thine eyes, when I was nothing in my ſelfe? for did not thy incomprehenſible goodneſſe create me out of nothing in *Adam*, in thine owne Image, after thine own likeneſſe, to enjoy thy preſence in an everlaſting communion? do not I owe to thy inconceivable mercy my reſtitution to a capability of Heaven and happineſſe, when I had fallen from grace and glory in *Adams* tranſgreſſion? that God ſhould become like man, that men ſhould again become like God, who would ever have thought it? it ſurmounted the apprehenſion of men and Angells. Had Verſ. 26. Rom. 5. 17, 18, 19. Phil. 2. 7.

it not bin juſt with thee, in the righteous fury of thine indignation, to have left me in an incapacity of mercy, as an everlaſting firebrand of Hell and perdition? do
S. Iohn 17. 3. I not owe to thy incomprehenſible goodneſſe my vocation to the knowledge of thee, and of thy Sonne Jeſus Chriſt, whom thou didſt ſend into the world for mans redemption? could any cauſe of ſuch a diſtinguiſhing mercy ariſe from my ſelf, being borne a ſinfull object of thy juſt diſpleaſure? that I was not left to the curſed infidelity of Heatheniſh ſuperſtition, to the ſtupendious abominations of Turkiſh Mahometiſme, to the prodigious blaſphemies of rocky-hearted Iudaiſme, not from me, my God, not from me, but from thy ſelfe, even the yearning bowells of thy compaſſion, proceeds this difference: and not unto me, O Lord,
Pſal. 115. 1. not unto me, but unto thee, even unto thee, do I deſire to aſcribe the praiſe and glory.

Pſa. 68. 19. Lord, how haſt thou even preſt me with thy heapt-up bleſſings, and loaden me with thy daily benefits, while others have groaned under the burden of emptineſſe! O how wonderfully good and gracious haſt thou bin to me, and my ſoul in * particular!

* Here the thankfull heart may take occaſion to commemorate ſuch bleſſings or deliverances as Gods mercie hath vouchſafed in ſpeciall, beſt known to it ſelf.

Lord, what gracious ſhowres of ſpirituall mercies haſt thou rain'd down upon my ſoul which is thine inheritance! do not I owe to thy free and undeſerved mercies, the ſight of my ſinnes by Eagle-eyed conviction? the ſorrow for my ſinnes by ſincere contrition? the feelings of the want of a Chriſt for my juſtification? my ſighings after him? my gaſpings to lay hold on him? my pantings to enjoy him? is it not thou who haſt delivered my ſoule from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling? is it not from thee I have both the
Pſal 116. 8. Phil. 2. 13. Will and the Work in holy duties, and that thou affordeſt

fordeſt me opportunities of approaching to thee? oh! infinite, infinite have been the diſpenſations of ſoul-mercies to me, even to me who am leſſe then the leaſt of thy mercies, when truly valued.

Lord, hath the open-hand of thy gracious bountie been leſſe ſparing in conferring upon me thy temporall bleſſings? doth it not flow from the boundleſſe Ocean of thy unfathomed goodneſſe, that I am not made a terreur unto others by thy juſtice, but others are made examples, for amendment unto me, by thy ſaving mercy? do ſo many thouſands fall on the right hand, and on the left beſide me, by temporall judgements, and do I eſcape, becauſe they were greater ſinners, and rebels of a deeper dye againſt thy Majeſtie? is it not from thee my lot is fallen in ſo fair a ground, ſo good an Iſland, and that the Clouds drop fatneſſe for my ſuſtenance? art not thou, who neither ſlumberſt nor ſleepſt, about my bed, and as it were a Life-guard to me, when the duſkie image of death locks up my ſenſes? do not I owe to thee the proſperitie of my goings out, and comings in, ſo that neither the Sunne do's burn me by day, nor the Moon by night? Lord, are many, even of thy deareſt ſervants defamed with revilings, and am I in reputation? do they wander, and have I a ſetled habitation? are they perſecuted, and I in tranquillitie? are they impriſoned and captives, and do I enjoy my liberty? are they forſaken, and am I deſired? are they loaden with many ſtrong infirmities, and powerfull weakneſſes, and am I crowned with ſtrength and health, ſo ſweet, ſo lovely? and is not all this becauſe thou haſt a favour unto me, and do'ſt prevent me with the bleſſings of thy goodneſſe? In a word (becauſe all words cannot enumerate thy innumerable favours) do not I owe to thy

Pſa. 91. 7.

S. Luk. 13. 2, 3, 4, 5.

Pſa. 16. 6.

Pſal. 65. 11.

Pſa. 121. 4, 6, 8.

1 Cor. 4. 11, 12

Heb. 11. 37.

Pſa. 44. 3.

Pſal. 21. 3.

free and superabundant mercies the possession of whatsoever good I do or may enjoy? and my deliverances from all evils, which might have wrought my overthrow and ruine?

O my bountifull Saviour, what hast thou done for my soul! yea, what hast thou not done for my soul? O how am I ravisht with the contemplation of thy incomprehensible goodnesse? how are thy mercies, which are over all thy works, as well above my gratitude, as my capacitie? how am I puzzell'd for a retribution? something I would return, but I know not what: oh! what shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits he hath done unto me?

Psal. 145. 9.

Psal 108. 1. 2. My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed, I will sing and give praise.

Psa. 57. 7, 8. Even with my glory I will glorifie thy Name, who art my Saviour.

Psa. 13. 5, 6. I will sing unto the Lord, who hath dealt so bountifully with me, and my heart shall rejoyce in his salvation.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving from the fuming altar of a gratefull heart, and pay my vows of sincere obedience.

Psa. 116. 17, 18.

Lord, if I should be such a Monster of ingratitude, as to presse thee with the burden of my sinnes, after thou hast thus loaden me with thy various blessings, oh! what would become of me?

Amos 2. 13.

Me thinks Hell would hardly be a punishment correspondent to the malignitie of my provocations, if I should turn rebell against such infinite mercies.

But I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the Name of the Lord, who is my onely Redeemer, and my mercifull God.

Psa. 116. 13.

My

My soul shall be joyfull in the Lord, and my tongue shall speak of thy loving kindnesse. I will remember thou art mercifull, and forget to be sinfull. Psa.35.9.

Oh! make me sensible of mine own unworthinesse, and then I cannot but be sensible of thine undeserved mercies, and praise thy Name with joyfull lips. Psa.63.5.

Thou hast bin open-handed in thy benefits, O make me open-hearted in my thankfulnesse, thou King of glory.

Lord, as thou hast been gracious unto me in the raining down thy blessings upon my soul; so be gracious unto me, in raising up my soul on the wings of praise, and of thanksgiving unto thy Majestie.

Oh! never let my forgetfulnesse of thy benefits make thee to remember my ingratitude to my everlasting destruction.

O thou onely strength of Israel, strengthen me thy servant in my pious vowes and resolutions, who am firmly purposed in heart to praise thee my God, while I have my beeing. Esa.26.4.

Thou art my God, and I will praise thee; thou art my God and I will thank thee. Thou art my God, and I will praise thee for that transcendent excellency is in thy Deitie; thou art my God, and I will thank thee for all those benefits received from thee. Psa.118.28.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious, for his mercie endureth for ever. Vers.29.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Sonne, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

De ejus salute prorsus est desperandum, quem Dei beneficia ad ei obediendum provocare non possunt.

Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dixeris.

X

The Hearts eaſe.

Pſal. 73. 25. *whom have* I *in heaven but thee? and there is none on earth* I *deſire in compariſon of thee.*

O Lord, the center of my meditations, and the onely repoſe of my tyred and retyred thoughts, my heart has bin taking its peregrination, and it never found any eaſe till it came at thee.

O thou onely-ſufficient and all-ſufficient, how are all the glorious riches or rich glories of Heaven and Earth but meere* poverty and obſcurity without thy preſence?

*Et omnis mihi copia, quæ Deus meus non eſt, egeſtas eſt. S. Aug.

I find that to have all things without thee, is to have nothing, nothing that affords full ſatisfaction; but he that onely and alone poſſeſſes thee, has all in all.

O Lord, ſeeing thou art all in all; oh! be thou unto me what thou art in thy ſelfe.

O thou, who art incomparably beyond all compariſon, make my heart to deſire nothing in compariſon of thee, and then thou wilt be all in all unto my heart.

Oh! how was my ſoul diſquieted within me, while it wandred after lying vanities for eaſe and reſt?

Honours invited my heart to repoſe in them, beautified themſelves in their moſt glorious and magnificent ornaments

ornaments, to ſteal my love, to court them unlawfully: and cunningly drew the amiable vail of publike good over the ugly face of avaricious ambition; leſt with the apprehenſion of a dangerous fall, I might be terrified from the allurements of their embraces.

O Lord, I do confeſſe my fooliſhneſſe and imperfections: my heart was taken with theſe aiery bubbles, and we cloſed in amity and greedy friendſhip, but my entertainment was ſo bad, and ſo diſcrepant from thoſe faire pretences, and my ſoul tooke ſo little, or no eaſe in the Palace of Honour, that my heart left thoſe honours in the duſt, and mounted higher for eaſe and repoſe.

But as I was aſcending, riches met my heart, and deſired to ſpeake with it; not doubting but to give it ſatisfaction, uſing ſuch profitable arguments, improved with ſuch guilded rhetorick, that my too credulous heart thinking all was gold that gliſtered, was perſwaded to make tryall of their courteſie.

But my ſecond and more conſiderate thoughts, unmaſking their ſophiſtry, found them ſuch arrowes to pierce my ſoul with many ſorrowes, ſuch meere vexation of ſpirit both in the acquiſition, in the poſſeſſion, and in the departing; that I bid them farewell, and went on my pilgrimage: I then conſidered there was but one precious Pearle worth my prizing and compaſſing, the Kingdome of Heaven; neither that without thee.

§ Mat. 16. 22, 1 Tim. 6. 9, &c. Neque ea ſolùm, quæ habent libidine augendi cruciatur, ſed etiam amittendi metu. Cic. Paradox. 1. ὅτι μόνον τὸ καλὸν ἀγαθόν.

But ah! my weakneſſe, my weakneſſe; when I thought nothing could take up my heart, but that it was fortified with armour of Proof, againſt whatſoever temptations Satan, the Prince of the Powers of darkneſſe, could aſſail me with: then pleaſures, oh! then

then pleaſures, the flattering pleaſures of this momentany life, atty red in ſeverall dreſſes, came ſmiling upon me with a pleaſant face, and found admittance, procured their entertainment within my heart: my heart, my God, which I had vowed and ſolemnly devoted to thee alone.

Ah! Lord, what ſhall I ſay? did my heart finde any reſt or eaſe in their enjoyment? enjoyment ſaid I? 'tis falſe, 'tis falſe; there is no joy in them, or enjoyment of them: I never found my ſelf ſo miſerable as in thoſe pleaſures; thoſe pleaſures with a heart of gall, and mouth of honey; thoſe pleaſures which do not onely deprive us of the communicative excellency of Religion, but even ſink us below our Species, and degrade us from our Reaſon. If the ſoul can experience any reſt and comfort in becoming a bond-ſlave to the baſeſt luſts, which ſhee ſhould command as her ſervants and vaſſalls, I then had acquired enough of that Hearts-eaſe they ſeemed to promiſe.

Yet at length (though I was ſtrongly intangled in theſe bewitching netts, and was almoſt tranſformed from my ſelfe by theſe Cups of Circe) and conſidering ſadly they were but harbengers to eternall thraldome, and that they had a ſting in the tayle could no way be pluckt out but by true repentance (with other motives now too long to ſpecifie) my heart beginning to recover it ſelfe, and know its * excellency, and ſo diſdaining, and bewailing ſo baſe a ſervitude, freed it ſelfe, by the power of thy grace, from this vile captivity; often doubling and redoubling in agony of ſpirit; oh! there is nothing, there is nothing, my God, on earth, to be deſired, and ſought after, in compariſon of thee: and ſo ¶ forſaking thoſe pleaſures with joy, which I fear'd before

* Os homini ſublime dedit, cœlumque tueri juſſit, & erectos ad ſydera tollere vultus. Ovid. Metam. The ſpherical world cannot fill the triangular heart; nothing but a Three-perſond God can do it.

¶ Quàm ſuave mihi factum eſt carere ſuavitatibus nugarum, & quas amittere metus fuerat, jam dimittere gaudium erat: ejiciebas enim eas à me, vera tu & ſumma ſuavitas, ejiciebas, & intrabas pro eis omni voluptate dulcior, &c. S. Aug. lib. 9. confeſ. cap. 1.

fore I ſhould loſe as my happineſſe; I left the world behind me, and plac't my heart in Heaven for its contentation.

And now my heart is got above the Clouds for reſt and eaſe, oh! let it never fall again to worldly vanities. As ſoon as it entred thoſe cœleſtiall habitations of everlaſting pleaſures, the glorious ſight of ſuch an innumerable number of triumphant Saints and Angels with their harmonious Halleluiahs began to raviſh it; but yet, me thought, I found not that reſt I ſought for, 'till, my God, the glory of thy preſence did enlighten me: no Creature, whether in Earth or Heaven, can anſwer the gaſpings of the immortall ſoul: for whom, O God, have I in Heaven but thee to make me happy?

Oh! ſeeing thou alone canſt make me happy, let me not be ſo miſerable as to gaine all worldly happineſſe with the loſſe of thee. S.Mat.16.26.

Fix my minde on thee, who art my onely happineſſe; and then I ſhall deſire nothing in compariſon of thee.

O Lord, there is nothing thou deſireſt in * compariſon of me; oh! let me not be ſuch an ingratefull wretch unto thy goodneſſe, as to preferre any thing before thy ſelfe in my deſires. * Amâſti me ſuper omnia, quid minus poſſum quam te ſuper omnia amare? S.Bernard.

O thou divine and everlaſting fountaine of living waters, give me a thirſty ſoul, that as the Hart panteth after the water-brooks, ſo my ſoul may pant after thee, O God. Pſal.42.1.

Seeing thou alone canſt afford Hearts-eaſe unto me in thy fruition, oh! give no eaſe unto my heart 'till I enjoy thee.

Make the world with all its glorious pomps and lying vanities ſo contemptible unto me, that my ſoul raviſhed

vished with the transcendent contemplation of heavenly things, may continually breathe after thee, and in sincerity professe, Whom have I in Heaven but thee? and there is none on Earth I desire in comparison of thee.

Psal. 35. 3. This, O Lord, is my desire; oh! therefore say unto my soul, I am thy Salvation. Amen.

Nulla creatura voluntatem nostram exsatiare potest, quia nulla creatura perfectum bonum obtinet, sed tantùm participatum.

Deus meus, & omnia.

Omnia nihil, si Deus absit.

The groan of a Saint in the Clouds.

Psalme 51. 11. *Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me.*

O Lord, how is this dimm-eyed life of imperfection constant to nothing but inconstancy? what stormes of various passions tosse and torment us in every condition? how is the anxious soul perpetually rackt and tortured betweene * feare and sorrow? when I am in spirituall desertions, and feel I have not that feeling apprehension of thy comfortable presence my soul sighs after; Lord, what an inundation of griefe doth overwhelme

* Sunt duo tormores animæ non simul torquentes, sed cruciatu alternantes: horum duorum tortorum nomina sunt Timor & Dolor: quando tibi bene es, times; quando malè es, dolcs. S. Aug de verb. Dom. serm. 43.

overwhelme my fainting ſpirits! what ſad perplexities do even depreſſe me to the confines of Hell!

Lord, when thou art preſent with me, the Scene being changed, darting upon my ſoul ſome glimmerings of that glorious Sunſhine of eternity ſtreams from thy preſence; though for the preſent, I ſeeme to be wholly raviſht with a few greene ears of that everlaſting harveſt; yet oh! how do I fear to loſe the preſent Heaven within me? oh! how am I perplexed with thoughts of a change!

Lord, I know it is not alwayes high-noone in a gracious heart; there are as well ebbings as flowings of thy holy Spirit in the beſt of Saints: there is not a Saint *Paul* but ſometimes he has the meſſenger of Satan for to buffet him, and his inward feares to perplex his heart; Clouds ſometimes ſurround the Sunne in his pride of glory. 2 Cor. 12. 7.

Lord, let not theſe Clouds of diſconſolate doubtings and perplexities by their envious interpoſition, wholly eclipſe thy gracious favour from ſhining on me: oh! let not the ebbings of thy holy Spirit tranſcend the flowings and ſpring-tide of thoſe ſpirituall pleaſures thou ſometimes vouchſafeſt to groaning ſouls: oh! let me not, oh! let me not be too much dejected with any ſpirituall deſertions; oh! whatſoever elſe doth happen to me in this life of changes, yet caſt me not from thy preſence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me.

O Lord, I know that thy preſence is univerſall, that nothing, though never ſo ſecret, but is open to thy all-ſeeing eye; yea, my very thoughts thou underſtandeſt before I know them; for there is no ſucceſſion in thy knowledge, but thou knoweſt from eternitie what time produces; why then ſhould I crie unto thee in agony of Pſal. 139. 2.

ſpirit, Oh caſt me not away from thy preſence, when whither can I flie, but thy preſence will finde me?

Verſ. 8. If I aſcend up into heaven, art not thou there with the preſence of thy glory? if I make my bed in Hell (where none ſhall ever lie down to take their reſt) art not thou there with the preſence of thy juſtice? if I take the 9. wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermoſt parts of the Sea, art not thou there with the preſence of thy providence? if I think to couch my ſelf under the ſable wings of pitchie night, is not darkneſſe and light alike 12. to the piercing preſence of thy omniſcience? how then can I be a Caſt-away from thy preſence?

Gen. 4. 16. Yes, yes; I may, I may: for did not *Cain* goe out of the preſence of the Lord when he was curſed? why did *David* roar ſo bitterly, as forſaken of God, if Gods Pſa. 22. 1. preſence cannot be ſubſtracted? is not my Saviour ſaid never to know the workers of iniquitie? which is as S. Mat. 7. 23. much as if it ſhould be ſaid, They are Caſt-awayes from his preſence, and that for ever.

Therefore, O Lord my God, though thou canſt not but be preſent with me, yet I will crie unto thee, not to be abſent from me: for though thou canſt not but be preſent with me, with the preſence of thy omniſcience, yet thou mayeſt be abſent from me with the preſence of thy grace and favour, and onely look upon me with the furious preſence of thine indignation for my tranſgreſſions. O Lord, this is my caſe. But oh! caſt me not away from thy gracious preſence.

Novit Deus venire non recedendo ubi erat, novit abire non deſerendo quò venerat: venit cùm manifeſtatur, & cùm occultatur recedit. Aug.

O Lord, is not in thy preſence, and onely in thy preſence, life and happineſſe? what then can be my portion if that I loſe it? oh! what will become of me, if thou my God, wilt not vouchſafe me a gracious look? oh! what ſhall I do if once I become loathſome in thine eyes?

what

what ſhall I do? oh! make me loath my ſelf, till thou doſt love me. Let me never be at reſt till I have caſt away my ſinnes by true repentance; that the comfort of thy preſence may again revive me; and give me reſt: and when I have thee, oh! let me keep thee: let me not deprive my ſelf of my onely happineſſe. Oh! make me ſo to behave my ſelf, even in my moſt retyred and ſecret actions, as* conſidering I am alwayes in thy preſence, and then I ſhall not be caſt away from thy preſence for my tranſgreſſions.

O Lord, I am dead before thee without thy Spirit, for thy Spirit is a quickning Spirit, and onely gives life to every ſoul that lives unto thee. Is it not thy Spirit that worketh in me a will to do thy works, and to work according to thy will? can I be thy childe, except I by the Spirit of Adoption can call thee Father? yea, know I not that except the Spirit be in me, I am a Reprobate? what are all the precious promiſes in Chriſt of grace and glory to me, except thy Spirit within me ſeal them to my ſoul, and make them mine? alas! my God, what am I, if thou leaveſt me to my ſelf without thy Spirit? oh! what a hell enters into that ſoul thy Spirit forſakes? what diſmall terrours and perplexities do wait upon all ſpirituall deſertions and withdrawings of thy ſelfe from ſighing hearts! O my God, give me therefore thy Holy Spirit, and give me withall to keep him alſo; that I may not onely be thine, but feel I am ſo. Oh! take not thy Holy Spirit from me, but let him keep an everlaſting Pentecoſt within my ſoul.

My Lord and my God, I do acknowledge my ſinnes are great, for they are committed againſt thy Majeſtie: I do acknowledge my ſinnes are grievous, for they are committed againſt thy mercy: I do acknowledge my

* Qui ſapienter perpendet omniſcientem Dei oculum ſibi imminere, ac ſecretiora cordis ſui perſcrutare penetralia, quomodo audet poteſtve peccare? quod nobis pudori ſit Chriſtianis, non noſtris revolvere cogitationibus, cum ipſe conſideravit Heſiodus quod ---ἐγγὺς γαρ ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ἐοῦσες, &c.

Rom. 7. 24.

sinnes are many, for who fals not, and that often, who carries a body of death about him?

Yet, O my God, let thy holy Spirit purifie my soule from these great, these grievous, these many sinnes, and take them from me: but from me, oh! take not thy holy Spirit. Cast these my transgressions behinde thy back, from the angry presence of thy just displeasure, but let me not be a Cast-away from the comfortable presence of thy grace and favour for my transgressions.

Ier. 14. 8. O thou hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble, why shouldst thou be as a stranger to the habitation of my soul, and as a wayfaring man, who turneth aside to tarry for a night?

Psal. 31. 7. Oh! why dost thou withdraw thy presence from me, as if thou wouldst not know my soul in adversitie?

Psal. 42. 9. 11. Oh! why is my soul so cast down and disquieted, by
Psal. 43. 2, 5. reason of the oppression of the enemy?

Psal. 38. 6. Oh! why go I mourning all the day long, because I am as one whom thou hast forgotten?

Psal. 31. 10. Oh why is my life spent with grief, and my years with sighing, and thou seemest not to consider my perplexing adversities?

Psal. 30. 7. Oh! why dost thou hide thy face from me, to the trouble and vexation of my heart?

Psal. 25. 16. Oh! turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me, for I am desolate and in miserie.

O thou who art my strength, in thee is my trust, deliver me from the hand of my enemies, and let them not say,

Psal. 42. 10. Where is now thy God?

Psal. 25. 17. The sorrows of my heart are enlarged, O bring thou me out of all my troubles.

18. O look upon mine adversitie and misery, and forgive me all my sinnes.

Consider

Conſider mine enemies how many they are, and with what a cruell hatred they ſeek my overthrow. Pſal. 25. 19.

O keepe my ſoul and deliver me; let me not be confounded, for I put my truſt in thee for my deliverance. 20.

Lord make thy face to ſhine upon thy ſervant; oh! ſave me for thy mercies ſake. Pſa. 31. 16.

Oh! let me feelingly ſay to thee, Thou art my God, that thou mayſt comfortably ſay to me, I am thy ſalvation. 15.

Ah Lord, my Saviour, haſt thou not ſaid, that whom thou loveſt, thou doſt love unto the end? and whom thou doſt love thy Spirit dwells in? ſhall I not therefore take thy word, that thou wilt not take thy Spirit from me? yea, Lord, I reſt aſſured that thou wilt not, I know whom I have truſted, and in whom I have beleeved for my ſalvation. My aſſurance lies not ſo much upon my * evidence, as on thy faithfulneſſe, which cannot fail. I know I may ſometimes be apprehended by thee, when I cannot apprehend thee. I know aſſuredly thou canſt not change, & that thy love is everlaſting; though Clouds of doubtings may ſometimes eclipſe the comfortable beams of thy preſence from me, and force me in perplexity of ſoul to ſigh unto thee, Oh! caſt me not away, my God, from thy preſence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me in my diſtreſſe. Amen. S. Iob. 13. 1.

* Chriſt may be there where he is not known. S. Iohn 20. 14. 2 Tim. 2. 13. Phil. 3. 12. Ier 31. 3. Mal. 3. 6.

Deus non deſerit niſi deſerentem.

Ad veſperum demorabitur fletus, & ad matutinum lætitia. Pſal: 30. 5.

The

The ſpirituall Marriage.

Cantic. 2. 5, 16. *My Beloved is mine, and I am his. I am ſick of love.*

MY God, my Jeſu, what raviſhing comforts have tranſported my minde, what tranſporting pleaſures have raviſht my heart ſince my ſoule was thy Spouſe, and thou her Beloved!

Cantic. 4. 9, 10.

Oh! who would not love thee, to be thy beloved? yea, who can but love thee, who haſt ſo loved us, and prevented my ſoul with unanſwerable kindneſſe?

1 Iohn 4. 19.

My *Jeſu*, my Saviour, what infinite ſatisfaction doth ſwell my ſoul even in thy twilight fruition! oh, what will be the joyes of thy face without a vail, when I ſhall ſee thee as I am ſeene!

1 Cor. 13. 12.

When theſe ſhadowes ſhall vaniſh, and the moſt glorious day of eternity ſhall break in upon my ſoul with the everlaſting Sunſhine of thy preſence!

Cantic. 2. 17.

My *Jeſu*, my Saviour, even with what contempt, or at leaſt neglect, do I looke upon all ſublunary glories and worldly contentments, ſince thou becameſt mine, and I became thine in a ſpirituall marriage?

Lord, no beauty now can captivate my heart, for thy preſence alone is a beatificall Viſion. Lord, no riches now can poſſeſſe my affections, for thou alone art that ineſtimable

ineſtimable Jewell my ſoul does prize above all earthly treaſures. Lord, no worldly honours or preferments can now puff up my mind, for being borne of God, I am thy Sonne, and yet thy Mother: I am thy Spouſe, and yet thy Brother. Lord, no ſenſuall pleaſures can court me now to their embraces, for thy love is better then wine. Oh! who ſhall ſeparate me from the love of Chriſt? oh! what can alienate that heart, my God, hath once enjoyed thee? S. Mat 13 44. § Iohn. 3. 9. S. Mat. 12. 50. Cantic. 1. 2. Rom. 8. 35.

O thou, whom my ſoul loveth, what is there lovely which is not in thee? yea, what is there lovely, which is without thee? Cantic. 1. 7.

Lord, what a complacency do I feele, which I cannot expreſſe in our mutuall embraces? Revel. 3. 20.

O, that Heaven, that Heaven, which is in that ſame ſoul, where thou, my Jeſu, takes up thy reſidence! S. Iohn 14. 23

Which is thy Spouſe, and marriage Temple.

O my Well-beloved, and loving Saviour, from whence proceeds this infinite condeſcention? how comes it to paſſe that thou makes One of Two ſo different, ſo diſproportioned? when I am black, but thou art beautifull: when I am ſtaines, but thou art purity: when I am vile, but thou art glorious: when I am weakneſſe, but thou art Majeſty: oh! what am I, that thou ſhouldſt love me? oh! what art thou, that I ſhould not make thee my Well-beloved? S. Iohn 17. 11. § Iohn 14. 20. Cantic. 1. 5. Cant. 5. 9, &c.

Oh! let me not change any adulterate embraces with ſtrange Lovers, being thine and mine enemies, thereby to force thee to withdraw the comfort of thy preſence, but let my Virgin ſoul be continually fruitfull in good works unto thy glory. Cant. 3. 1, 2. Rom. 7. 4.

Behold, my Beloved, how I am ſick of love; which yet I eſteeme the health, yea, the Life of my ſoul: for Cant. 5. 8.

that ſoul is not onely ſick, but dead, which doth not love thee.

Behold, my Beloved, how I languiſh with longing
1 Cor. 13. 12. deſires and ſoul-breathing out affections to know thee, as I am known, in a plenary enjoyment and perfect fruition.

Behold, my Beloved, how I ſigh to ſee thy face by the light of glory.

Lord, make me ſo much the more to languiſh, and ſigh for love of thee, that I may be more vigorous, and joyfull in communion with thee.

O my Beloved, now thou haſt vouchſafed me a taſte, by a few green ears, of thy beatificall viſion; how can I but be ſick of love, till I reap the moſt glorious harveſt of
Pſal. 126. 5. thy preſence?

How can my languiſhing ſoul but mournfully complaine? Woe is me that I am conſtrained to dwell in *Meſech*, and to have my habitation among the tents of
Pſa. 120. 5. *Kedar*.

As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks, ſo panteth my ſoul after thee, O God.
Pſal. 42. 1.

My ſoul thirſteth for God, for the living God, oh!
Verſ. 2. when ſhall I come and appear before him.

Oh! when ſhall I be repleniſhed with that fullneſſe
Pſal. 16. 11. of joy dwells in thy preſence? oh! when ſhall I awake up after thy likeneſſe, that I may be ſatisfied
Pſa. 17. 15. therewith.

Oh! how have I a deſire to be diſſolved, to be with thee,
Phil. 1. 23. my Chriſt, my Jeſu?

Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, for then would
Pſal. 55. 6. I flie away, and be at reſt.

Oh! bring my ſoul out of this fleſhly priſon of mor-
Pſal. 142. 7. tality, that I may ſing triumphant praiſes to thy Name to all eternity.

For

For I ſhall be ſick of love, and languiſh with deſires, 'till the joyfull conſummation of our marriage in bliſſe and glory. Amen.

O quam fœlix eſt iſta anima, quæ ſpirituali hujus conjugii vinculo Chriſto conjungitur!

Annunciate quiâ amore langueo, præ magno faciei ejus videndæ deſiderio, vitæ tædium patior, et vix præſentis exilii moras ſuſtineo. Rupertus in Cant.

The Map of miſery.

Iob 14. 1. *Man that is borne of woman, is of few dayes, and full of trouble.*

O Lord, the rock and tower of our Salvation, what a cloud of miſeries do darken this dying life of our craſie mortality? what an inundation of ſorrows in this Sea of troubles do overbeare the battered banks of our yeelding frailty? what a volley of anxieties do wound and pierce our bleeding hearts with perturbations, while we carry about with us a mortall body? Pſal. 18. 2.

Oh! where ſhould I begin the date of the miſeries of this life, but when we begin to live? or rather when we begin to die (for what is this life but a continued Eccles 40. 1. &c.

death?) oh when do they end, but with its period?

The ſtrongeſt ſtop our troubles can obtaine is but a Comma, we have ſcarce a breathing time to recover our ſpirits, they do like tempeſtuous waves ſo crowd for priority, (each one, as it were, murmuring at anothers precedency) 'till death put a full point to the ſhort ſentence of life, which is long in nothing but ſinne and miſeries.

We begin it with teares, we continue it with ſorrowes, we end it with groanes.

1 Pet. 2. 11. Heb. 11. 22. Pſa. 137 4. * An non eſt merito ingemiſcendum, quòd ſumus in regione alienâ, & in Coloniam procul a patriâ poſitam amandati. S. Chryſ. in Pſa. 115.

We are here but pilgrims and ſtrangers, exiles, as it were, from our Country the heavenly *Hieruſalem*; and how can we * ſing the ſongs of Sion in a ſtrange land? yea, when we moſt cloath our faces with forced ſmiles in this valley of teares, we have not altogether a truce with our troubles; by a continued ſucceſſion they challenge ſuch a prerogative right, to reigne either in ſtronger or weaker Soveraignity, 'till we breath out our ſoules into the armes of thy mercy.

When things go well with us, we feare; when things go ill with us, we grieve; and how can the ſoul be here without one of theſe tortures? oh! when ſhall I come there, my God, where I can do nothing but rejoyce?

Prover. 13. 12.

Yea, Lord, if there was nothing elſe, it were ſufficient to make me miſerable, that I am no ſooner happy; for hope deferred afflicteth the minde.

But, Lord, what is this life alas! but a map of miſery? but a Trage-comedy of diſtracting mutations? oh!

Eccleſ. 1. 14.

what is there under the Sunne which is not meer vanity, and vexation of ſpirit?

What is our infancy but a bubling trifle, meere ſenſe without reaſon? which in this life ſeems only happy, that as yet it knowes not its miſeries: what is youth but the

weak

weake struglings of reason with vaine fooleries and unruly affections? which though at length it perceives the budds of many troubles springing forth to its terrour, yet is willing to water them both for strength and encrease. What is manhood for the most part but a madnesse with reason? an infirme ability? a jesting seriousnesse? a rash deliberateness? a crazy healthfullnesse? an imprisoning freedome? an imperfect perfection? alas! take man at his best state, and he is altogether vanity, while he is here a sojourner in this life of mortality. What is old Age, but a Mine of diseases, yea, a disease it selfe? a very burden? and yet (which accumulates our sorrows and makes us more miserable) most greedily desired: what is it oft-times but retrograde Childhood in the strange habit of gray-hairs? oh! what is it but the very relique of the lamentable ruines of our former miseries (in which they all meet, & are, as it were, concentred) posting us fastest to the closets of death when we can hardly creep? our very strength is then but labour and sorrow, (oh! what then is our weaknesse?) so soon passeth it away and we are gone. Psal. 39.5. Senectus ipsa morbus. Teren. Psal. 90.10.

To On these four mutable wheels, (if it so please God that our few dayes are so many) into what a Labyrinth of other distracting changes are we hurried, with feare of falling into unchangeable miseries?

O Lord, our happinesse, how can frail mortalitie but be full of troubles, when Hell doth assault us, the world allure us, the flesh tempt us, with potent Armies, and perpetuall Alarums? Rom. 7. 23. Ephes. 6. 11, 12. S. Ioh. 15. 18, 19.

Oh! how are we molested with outward troubles, with inward fears? oh! through what storms of persecution do we travell to heaven? 1 Cor. 4. 9, &c.

Through what necessities? through what labours? through 2 Cor. 6. 4, 5.

through what diſtreſſes? through what tumults? through what reproaches? through what diſhonours? through what perplexities? through what watchings? through what faſtings? through what wearineſſe? through what painfulneſſe? through what perills? yea, ſometimes through what hunger and thirſt? through what cold and nakedneſſe? through what ſtripes and impriſonments? through what racks and tortures? oh! how many deaths do we ſuffer before our departure?

2 Cor. 9. 23, 24 Heb. 11. that Epitome of Martyrs.

Oh! who would not ſigh after bleſſed eternity? yet not ſo much out of the conſideration of theſe armies of miſeries, which beſiege the ruinous walls of this captivated life, and muſt be endured with Chriſtian patience; as with languiſhing longings to enjoy the full embraces of our Welbeloved.

Cantic. 1. 7.

For, O thou whom my ſoul loveth, to whom I flie in all extremities, and who onely art a very preſent helpe in trouble, if the comforts of thy gracious preſence did not lighten my darkneſſe, and ſweeten theſe bitterneſſes, I had long ſince fainted, yea, ſunk under the preſſure of ſuch ſad calamities.

Pſal. 46. 1.

O therefore take not the comforts of this thy preſence from me, how deeply ſoever I drinke of the cup of all other afflictions, and then I cannot be miſerable; for there is no perfect miſery but to be without thee.

Pſa. 51. 11.

O Lord, whatſoever variety of ſlippery changes engrave in eminent Characters, *Mutability* and *Miſery*, on my ſublunary condition; whether in peace or warre; in proſperity or adverſity; in ſunſhine or eclipſes; in manifeſtations or deſertions; in gatherings or ſcatterings; in fullneſſe or emptineſſe; in mercies or judgements; in hopes or feares; in joyes or ſorrowes; in ſtrength

strength or weakness; in health or sickness; in life or death; oh! in * every thing, my God, give me a thankfull heart for all thy dispensations, seeing it is thy will In Jesus Christ.

Fix my heart stedfastly on thy immutable goodness, O thou unchangable Essence, in whom is not so much as a shadow of variableness, and I shall never want an Antidote for these miserable changes.

Lord, though all the troubles of this life should unite their forces to make me miserable, make mee to bless thy Name by a proportionable patience, and sorrowing for those sinnes provoke thy judgments.

Let not the Canon-language of thine indignation, speaking terrible things to my souls amazement, presse the least repining murmur from my heart; but make me often sigh unto thee; Gracious art thou, O Lord, oh! gracious art thou, O Lord, that I am not in Hell.

O whatsoever condition thou art pleased to try me withall, let me be but Thine, and I am happy.

Yea, then my very sorrowes will swell the inundation of my joyes; my fullness of troubles will advance the plenitude of my rest; and my very miseries shall add unto the glory of my happiness.

Oh! when shall it be? come Lord Jesu, come quickly: thy Kingdome come thou King of Saints. Amen.

O! infœlicitas humani generis! mundus amarus est, et tamen amatur; quæ si dulcis esset qualiter amaretur? S: Augustin:

* It is the peculiar wisdome of a Christian, to pick arguments out of his worst condition, to make him thankfull; and if he be thankfull, he will be joyfull, and so long as he is joyfull, he cannot be miserable. D Sibbs in his divine Med num. 19. 1 Thess. 5. 18. Iames 1. 17.

S. Mat. 3. 12. 2 Cor. 4. 17.

The

The sinne-killing Memento.

Ecclesiasticus 7.36. * *Remember thy end, and thou wilt never do amisse.*

*It is somewhat varied, but the sense is Canonicall.

O Lord, my God, in whom onely I live, who alone art Life to me in life and death; seeing the first moment of my death is the beginning of my life, let it never be my death that I forget to remember it.

Acts 17.28.

Oh! how can I live religiously unlesse I die daily? and who ever dyes dayly, that doth not so much as initiate acquaintance with his End, by entertaining it into the secret chambers of his thoughts, and meditations?

The meditation of death can never be unseasonable, when nothing is more uncertainly certaine to ceaze uponus.

Who, that doth not forget himselfe to be but man, can but remember his end; when we melt away by so many quotidian deaths, as infallible forerunners, and loud mementoes of our finall dissolution?

Job 18.14.

O my soule, art thou afraid of the King of terrours? art thou shaken with horrour at the very thoughts of yeelding the crazy Castle of thy body to his undeniable Summons? consider with thy selfe, there is no such method

method to diſarm him of his amazing train of fearfull perturbations; yea, to entertain his gaſtly looks even with loving ſmiles, as by making him familiar to thee by continuall meditation, before his ſtrongeſt and laſt batteries, to ſubdue us to the temporary power of his devouring Kingdome, by the ſtrength of our weakneſſe, and mortall infirmities.

Oh! why ſhould death, much leſſe the remembrance thereof, be terrible unto me, when thou, my God and Saviour, haſt overcome the ſharpneſſe of it by dying for me?

Yea, with what unſpeakable joyes doe the very thoughts of a diſſolution raviſh a gracious heart? oh! how is it ſtraitned untill that hour? ſeeing there is no entrance to life but through the gates of death, and no perfect union with Chriſt before the previous ſeparation of ſoul and body.

Why ſhould I not be in a continuall readineſſe, and preparation to entertaine that gueſt, whom I ſhould every moment * expect, whatever faire promiſes of long life my preſent condition may lay out to the contrary?

Death comes the ſooner, the longer the preparation for it is procraſtinated; for he onely dies ſuddenly who dyes unpreparedly.

Lord, make me living unto thee, and then I can but ſuffer a diſſolution, for dye I cannot; becauſe thou the fountaine of eternall life, both in life and death art to me advantage.

For this is my comfort; though death can ſeparate my ſoul from my body, yet it can never ſeparate my Chriſt from my ſoul; yea, it will more cloſely unite me to him.

* Quis eſt quamvis ſit adoleſcens, cui ſit exploratum, ſe veſperum victurum. Cato Major de Senectute.

Non eſt crede mihi, ſapientis dicere vivam, Sera nimis vita eſt craſtina, vive hodiè. Mart. Epig. 16. lib. 1. ad Iulium.

Omnem crede diem tibi diluxiſſe ſupremum. Hor. lib. 1. Epiſt. ad Albium.

Plena ſunt hoc genus documentis, vel Ethnicorum ſcripta. which, are enlightned Pro. 27. 1. Boaſt not thy ſelf of to morrow, for thou knoweſt not what a day may bring forth. Phil. 1. 20, 21.

2 Cor. 5. 1. And that when the earthly house of this my tabernacle is dissolved, I have a building of of God, an house not made with hands, eternall in the Heavens.

Vers. 2. For which cause I groane earnestly (rather then fearing to enter in to a conflict with death) for a speedy dissolution of this my crazy cottage; that being absent from my body, I may be present with the Lord, and my mortalitie may bee swallowed up of life immortall.

8. Lord, seeing the consideration of death is such a speciall Antidote against the death of sinne, so that in the remembrance thereof I shall never do amisse; oh! let me never do so amisse as not to remember it.

S. Hierom thought he alwayes heard this sounding in his ears, Surgite mortui & venite ad judicium. Oh! that we had death and judgement as frequent in our thoughts, that we might be as pious in our lives.

Seeing to remember to live well, is to remember to die well; make me ever mindefull of what it is to die happily, that I may not forget to live piously, to the end I may reigne gloriously in thy heavenly Mansions.

Oh! who can have such an Adamantine heart, as to continue in sinne, to his eternall confusion, who doth fancie himselfe a dying man every moment he lives in this Vale of miserie? Oh! how can he lay out his eyes to the entertainment of vanitie, who thinks he sees them with a languishing and greedy look taking their last farewell of this light, to passe to eternall darknesse without repentance?

Oh! how can he have his hands active in the perpetration of any wickednesse, who thinks he feels them almost liveleſse for want of spirits, by the continued batterings of death approaching?

Oh! how can he but endeavour not to offend with his tongue, who once apprehends it as atrested by the Serjeant of death to be imprison'd in silence, that it may not

not be able to plead for mercy in our greatest Agony?

Oh! how can his feet but shunne the dark paths of destruction, and even runne in the wayes of Gods Commandements, who thinks they are well-nigh ready to want the help of others, to carry them to be fettred in the prison of the grave, till a call from Christ bid them hasten to judgement? Psa. 119.32.

Oh! what joyes, what joyes can that person apprehend in the fading pleasures of this transitory world, who conceives his soul, as it were, taking its last *farewell*, with the inexpressible language of sighs and groans, of this life of mortalitie?

Lord, let me die while I live, that I may live when I die.

Let me so fight the good fight, that when I have finished my course, a Crown of righteousnesse may make me glorious. 2 Tim. 4.7.8.

Oh! let mee not bee a stranger to the meditation of death, even in the brightest Sunne-shine of this momentany life; lest in the eclipse of death, the life of glory be for ever clouded from my languishing eyes.

But let me die to sinne, while I live in this bodie, by a constant and continued preparation for a sighed-after dissolution; that when I approach to the confines of the Kingdome of glory, my ravished soul, with the pregnant apprehension of those almost-fully-possessed joyes, may breath forth it self into the arms of thy mercy with Psa. 31.5.

O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? 1 Cor. 15.55.

The sting of death is sinne, and the strength of sinne is the Law; 56.

But thanks bee to God, who hath given mee
57. victory over ſinne, and death, and hell, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

Cùm ex hoc momento dependet æternitas, mementote mori.

Dum vivis mavere, ut moriens vivas.

Moriar, nè moriar mi Jeſu.

The happy Diſſolution.

Philip. 1. 23. *I have a deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt.*

O *Jeſu*, my Saviour, how are all ſublunary delights and contentments below my deſires, ſince I was crucified to the world, and the world to me, by the
Gal. 6. 14. meritorious vertue of thy Croſſe and Paſſion?

How has my ſoul bin acquainted with cœleſtiall mo-
Phil. 3. 20. tions, ſince my converſation was in Heaven, by living unto thee, in my earthly pilgrimage?

Lord, nothing can anſwer the gaſpings of my ſoul, but thine immenſity: oh! nothing can pleaſe me but thy ſelfe; even Heaven it ſelfe without thee can't make me happy.

For whom have I in Heaven but thee? and there is nothing on earth I deſire in compariſon of thee. Pſa. 73.25.

More I cannot deſire, and leſſe will never give me ſatisfaction.

Lord, what a magnetique vertue is there in thy ſweetneſſe, in thy excellencies? with what paſſionate deſires is my ſoul drawn out after thee, for a full fruition after a twilight reliſh? Cantic 8. 6. *Quò non quà.

Love is as ſtrong as death; yea, it is deaths Conquerour: for behold, into what ſtrange magnanimity it hath tranſformed me, even to deſire to embrace the very King of Terrours for a glorified communion with thee my Beloved?

How doth the irreſiſtible torrent thereof, overthrow, as it were, in a foaming fury, the oppoſed banks of all naturall inclinations perſwading the contrary?

How doth its moſt vehement flame devour with greedie jawes all arguments whatſoever, which plead for a continuance in this mortall body?

Who would ever fear death as the way? (yea, who can but deſire it?) when thou art the *End, my Well-Beloved.

Oh! who would not be abſent from an inglorious body, to be preſent with thee thou King of Saints?

Who would not change his Work for his Wages? who would not leave a miſerable baniſhment to accept a glorious Kingdome? who would not paſſe from ¶ imperfection to perfection? who would not be out of the reach of Hels fury, and Earths envie, in an impoſſibilitie of ever becomming miſerable? who would not be there where he can never offend him, whom he thinks it death to diſpleaſe by ſinning? who would not turn perpetuall conflicts into everlaſting triumphs? who would not conſummate

¶ Poſt reparationem nondum habet homo poſſe omninò non peccare, vel non poſſe peccare, propter infirmitatem nondum perfectè abſorptam, & propter gratiam nondum plenè conſummatam. Poſt confirmationem verò infirmitate penitus conſumptâ, & gratiâ conſummatâ, nec vinci poterit, nec premi; & habebit non poſſe peccare. Magiſt. ſenten. lib. 2. diſtinct. 25. lit. G.

ſummate a gracious Contract by a glorious Marriage? O who would not be diſſolved to be with Chriſt?

He onely hates death, who refuſeth to live; for who ever was willing to go, though out of a Priſon, to execution? he onely who endeavours not after holineſſe, ſighs not after happineſſe by a diſſolution.

Death is never to be feared, but when it is the end of all hope of happineſſe, and the beginning of endleſſe miſeries in a full poſſeſſion; but when it is a paſſage from a momentany life to eternall death, where we die by living.

For oh! what is eternall death but an eternity of living in inſufferable ſufferings?

But death, how amiable, oh! how deſirable art thou, when thou art a paſſage to Chriſt, who is the Heaven of heaven, when thou art a departure from a dying life, to an everliving eternity?

Pſal. 42. 2. And, O my Jeſu, how am I ſtrained untill that hour? oh when ſhall I come and appear before thee?

Oh! ſeeing it is my deſire, let it be thy pleaſure, O thou who art the onely ſatisfaction of my heart.

S. Luk. 2. 29. 30 Lord, now let thou thy ſervant depart in peace, for mine eyes have ſeen thy ſalvation. Amen.

Si ulla eſt major fœlicitas quàm eſſe cum Chriſto, imo ſi eſt aliqua fœlicitas niſi ubi Chriſtus, inflammato illius fruendi anhelans deſiderio, mori nè cupias.

The

The Celeſtiall Flight.

Pſal. 55.6. *O that I had wings like a Dove, for then would I flie away and be at reſt.*

O Lord, the center of my thoughts and meditations, my ſoul is reſtleſſe, my ſoul is reſtleſſe, 'till it be fully ſatiated with the ſatisfactory delights of thy glorious preſence.

Oh! how long, how long ſhall it be ere I ſhall know thee, as I am known of thee my Well-beloved? 1 Cor. 13. 12.

My ſoule longeth, yea, even fainteth for to enter into the triumphant Courts of thy cœleſtiall Temple; that at length I may be at reſt, in ſinging prayſes and Halleluiahs to thy Name, without any reſt or intermiſſion. Pſal. 84. 2. Revel. 4. 8.

Oh! why is my ſoule, languiſhing with love after fuller embraces, ſtill kept priſoner within theſe cloging walls of mortall fleſh? Lord, mount it on wings like an innocent dove, for no flight but what is ſuperlative, can be as quick as my deſires for a celeſtiall aſcenſion.

Behold, my Beloved, thou haſt called me, and I have come unto thee; thou haſt drawen me, and I have runne after thee; but now thoſe motions are too S. Mat. 11. 28. Cantic. 1. 4.

ſlow

slow to keepe pace with the affections of my heart, I shall never be at rest 'till I flie unto thee.

See the contrary dispositions, the diametrically opposite repugnances of purifying Love, and of sinfull feare. *Adam* he thinkes himselfe lost, if thou his forsaken God, dost but finde him out with thine omnipresent eye to see him; and I think my selfe as it were lost, 'till I find the enjoyment of thy glorious presence in a beatificall Vision.

Gen. 3. 8, 10. Quò te, Adam, duxerunt peccata tua, ut fugias? Deum tuum, quem ante quærebas? timor iste culpam fatetur, latebra prævaricationem. S. Ambros. in Ierem. 9.

Oh! how nigh, how nigh, me thinks, I am even now to blessed eternity? to eternall blessednesse? Lord, that I should be so happy, to be so neer thee, as it were to touch thee; and yet that I should be so unhappy, as not to be able for the present to close with thee, my God, in full embraces.

Oh! how restlesse am I, that I should not be at rest, and be so neere it? and yet (with what strange paradoxes am I rackt and tortured?) how restlesse should I be, were I farther off?

Whether neerer or farther off, still is my soule disquieted within me, my Wellbeloved, as wanting that I most sigh after, thy glorious presence: oh! when shall grace be made perfect by glory?

Lord, though I desire it passionately, yet not impatiently, for thy Will is the limit of my petitions.

Nevertheless in the *interim*, how full of pretty devices is Love, my Wellbeloved, to hasten to thee? how has it found out the invention of innocent wings for a *cœlestiall flight, to anticipate the day of my dissolution?

*O quàm libet mihi farcinâ hujus corporis abjectâ ad purum æthereis evolare fulgorem! Hier. pr. Ep. ad Heliodorum.

What more lively, or significant Embleme could Love have invented, to speake with dumbe Oratory the eagernesse of my fervent affections for a perfect Union?

Lord,

Lord, thou art my reſt, and I do ſeeke thee: Lord, thou art my joy, oh! let me find thee.

Haſt thee to help me that I may make no long tarrying from thee, O my God.

O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flie away and be at reſt. Amen.

Domine, quàm rapitur potiùs, quàm fertur, mens iſta ad cœleſtia, quæ tuam intimiùs perpendens dulcedinem, inextinguibili tui languet deſiderio?

X

Lovely and beloved Eternity.

Pſalme 84. 1. *How amiable are thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hoſts!*

O Lord of Hoſts, whoſe habitation is the high and lofty place of moſt glorious Eternity, who can ſo hate happineſſe, as not to fall in love with Heaven, if he conſider its excellency? who can ſo place his affections on things below, as not to ſigh after thy lovely and moſt worthy-to-be-beloved Tabernacles, who thinks thou there inhabiteſt, O King of glory? Iſa. 57. 15. Col 3. 2. Pſal. 24. 7.

O my ſoule, as ever thou hopeſt to be made pertaker

of their bleſſednesse hereafter, enter now into them by ſublime and ſerious meditation; view well their amiableneſſe, their captivating glories, that the beautie of Eternity may for ever raviſh thee.

O what can be lovely that they containe not? O what can be added to augment their lovelineſſe, where God is all in all to the poſſeſſour?

Pſal. 19. 1. The Heavens, O Lord, declare thy glory by their externall accidents and beauties, to inſtruct us to know thee with admiration: but oh! how glorious, how glorious are thy dwellings within, to teach us how lovely thou art and deſireable?

Revel. 5. 11. Revel. 7. 9, 11. What an infinite company of triumphant Angells ſurround thy throne? what an innumerable number of Saints made perfect, clothed with innocency, and

Heb. 12. 23. crowned with glory, fall down and worſhipp thy majeſticall greatneſſe, thy all-glorious Majeſty? with

Iſa. 6. 3. what melodious Hallelujahs and everlaſting prayſes do they magnifie thee whom they can never make greater.

How doth the noble army of triumphant Martyrs ſhine moſt glorioufly like ſo many rubies with their ſpreading luſters? and the ſnowy train of innocent Virgins, reſplendent with their chryſtall purity, follow the Lamb whereſoever he goeth? certainly theſe are delightfull objects, captivating ſights. Oh! how amiable, how amiable are thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hoſts, thou King of glory?

Lord, whether can I looke there, and not meet with what is moſt lovely, moſt deſireable? when within and without, above and below, on this ſide on that ſide, in every place whatſoever is thy Beatificall Viſion: when there is joy without ſorrow, full rivers of plea-

Revel. 7. 17. ſures flowing from thee, the Fountaine of life, in an everlaſting torrent.

Thee

There is Love without feare, light without darkneſſe, health without ſickneſſe, life without death, among other glorious qualities and ſupernaturall endowments our very bodies being exalted to immortality. 1 Iohn 4.18. Revel. 21. 25. 1 Cor. 15. 53.

There is order without confuſion, ſuperiority without envy, ſinging without ſighing, and a plenitude of happineſſe without ever a poſſibility of becoming miſerable. *For there is moſt certaine ſecurity, moſt ſecure tranquility, moſt peaceſull jucundity, moſt pleaſant fœlicity, moſt happy eternity, eternall happineſſe: and which is all in all, the very Heaven of this heaven, there is the beatificall Viſion of Gods moſt glorious preſence, wherewith the heart is ever, and yet never ſatiſſied to all eternity.

*S. Aug in lib. Meditat. ſic loquitur (ni malè memini) de gaudiis cœleſtibus; quibus Gerard° utitur med. 48.

O my ſoul, heaven here can be ſhadowed but by a weak reflexion of a darker glaſſe; for eye hath not ſeen, nor eare hath heard, neither can it enter into the heart of man to conceive what God hath prepared for them that love him. 1 Cor. 2. 9.

And what am I, O thou King of glory, that thou ſhouldſt not onely create me, but redeeme me, to be pertaker of ſuch inconceiveable happineſſe.

Lord, while I meditate on theſe things, how is my ſoul even raviſh't with a glymmering apprehenſion of the beauty of eternity? how am I tranſported with the amableneſſe of thy everlaſting, glorious Tabernacles? how is my heart, as it were, ſnatch't up into the Manſions of cœleſtiall paradiſe, deſiring no more acquaintance with my mortall body? Lord, if there be ſuch ſweetneſſe in the twilight--apprehenſion, oh! what pleaſures, what pleaſures will they yeeld in the full poſſeſſion?

Oh! what do I any longer in this earthly baniſhment? oh! why am I ſo long a ſtranger to my beloved

Country, the heavenly Hierusalem?

Psal.24.9. Lift up your heads, O yee gates, and be yee lift up yee everlasting dores, that I may enter in to the King of glory.

Psal.16.11. That I may see the face of my Wellbeloved, in whose presence there is the fullnesse of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Psal.36.8. That I may be abundantly satisfied with the transcendent beauty of his cœlestiall Tabernacles, and drink fully of the rivers of his ravishing pleasures.

Rom.8.30. O thou whom my soul loveth, thou hast called me, thou hast justified me, thou hast sanctified me; oh! when shall I bee made perfect by being glorified?

Psal.84.3,4. Oh! when shall I be admitted into the most glorious Courts of thy Heavenly habitation, that I may praise thee everlastingly, my King and my God?

Revel.4.10. Oh! when shall I be so highly exalted in the Mansions of glory, as to fall down and worship thee to all eternitie?

Psal.40.17. Lord, I crie unto thee; Lord, I trust in thee; Lord, I sigh after thee; make no long tarrying, O my God. Amen.

Domine Jesu, dum delecta gloriosæ tuæ præsentiæ anima mea contempletur taburnacula, quid aliud possum nisi beatificam anhelare æternitatem?

Mi Jesu, donec te videro, ingemiscam.

Soli Deo gloria.

FINIS.

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